

# CAVALCADE

*August 1/3*



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**BURIED ALIVE**

—Page 16

***Beware of Amateur Hypnotism***

—Page 60



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# Cavalcade

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# New terrors for TOTAL WAR

MARK HOPE



A prize science discovery mankind is making again, clash in global strife.

THIS article is dedicated to the simple proposition that—all other things being equal—when you're dead, you can't be any deader; it's how soon you die which counts.

Yet, for some unsatisfiable reason, man throughout history have devised a large portion of their energy and ingenuity to devise more and more

expedient means of eliminating themselves from the face of the earth.

Until modern times, however, their efforts have been more or less fruitless . . . they have had to be content to count their corpses in thousands rather than in tens of thousands . . . and their choices have been limited to the solitary assembly

on the theory that those unfortunate, having got themselves into the mess with their eyes open, are rewarded no more than they deserved.

But, with the 20th Century, all that was changed. World War I spread stains of mass annihilation which World War II successfully explained (though—even with the Atom Bomb—temporarily). From all the evidence, a World War III could add the finishing touches (in all senses). Hitler debased the theory of Total War (in which no man, woman or child would be immune from destruction), it was only lack of gases which prevented him from putting his theories fully into practice. Now it seems that the means are available.

Already two U.S. atomic experts—Dr. Paul A. Slichter and Dr. Joseph G. Hertz—have warned the American Medical Association of new weapons, "bombs which the A-bomb would look like, a child's display of fireworks."

The pair were speaking of the terrible BW . . . biological for short warfare.

"In the event of World War III," the experts declare, "BW is likely to be used and there is little doubt that it will be effective."

A degree of what this would mean to mankind should be sufficient.

The weapons of BW may be divided into three classes: (1) gases, (2) nerve and other poison gases and (3) radioactive poisons.

Study the "poison" picture first. Though the subject is even more bomb-bomb than atomic energy, a few facts have trickled through. Dr. Theodor Bredberg, associate professor of bacteriology at Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, in his book, "Poison or Pandemic," has suggested some possible poisons.

There is, for example, the botulinum toxin. "In deadly a poison that an ounce could kill 200,000,000 humans." One gram (about a twentieth of an ounce) of streptococcus pneumonia could produce one death in 100,000,000 people.

Tetanus toxin, too, would be a killer almost equal to botulinum.

However, the virus which Dr. Bredberg feels most is the poliovirus (or "parrot fever") virus. An ordinary, run-of-the-laboratory preparation would contain enough virus in one quart to infect more than 1,000,000,000 people (or about three times the total population of the earth). Moreover, while Dr. Bredberg, poliovirus is a self-propagating disease, it grows and multiplies in every person infected. Obviously, possibilities are limitless.

And Dr. Bredberg does not envisage such gases being used to pollute water and food supplies, cafeterias and restaurants or the air in theaters and public buildings (that would count merely as sabotage); he foresees the germ being absorbed into a dusting cloud, "so that every exposed animal could be infected and killed."

Now for research in the direction has progressed is not certain, but Dr. Bredberg claims that success is both possible and probable. Small scale clouds of gases, he points out, have already been produced at Camp Detrick (USA).

What defense exist against the weapons are dubious. "Defenses are pitifully weak," states Dr. Bredberg. "Early satisfactory," reports the U.S. Federal Civil Defense Administration. "The danger of any except small-scale operations that could be limited and controlled," insists Dr. Joseph Smadel, of the U.S. Army Medical School. Only practical exposures can prove the point.

But there is, at least, one claim

of hope. Man has been warring against germs for thousands of years, with vaccines, antibiotics, and other drugs, he has lately been on the winning side of this war; if he further renders and strengthens existing health agencies, he may conceivably be able to combat germs however used against him by other humans. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished . . . but undubiously unconfined.

So much for germ war; what of nerve gases? Here the picture seems even less reassuring.

According to Colonel John H. Wood, since 1916 chief of the medical division of the U. S. Army Chemical Centre, these nerve gases are more poisonous than any previously known war gases. They are nearly odorless and colorless; they are swift, death comes within a few seconds if they are inhaled in sufficiently high concentration, and even a few drops in liquid form, if smeared on the skin in sufficiently concentrated form, are equally fast-acting.

The gases act by blocking a vital body chemical reaction and slowing excessive accumulation of another body chemical, "acetylcholine," at the junctions between the ends of nerves and the muscles they stimulate. The results are terrible spasms, hiccups, inability to breathe, convulsions and then death.

Those of their victims whom the gases do not exterminate, they paralyze. Used against an army or a population they would speedily stifle the will for anything else to fight.

How widespread would be their effects? Of course, he demonstrated. Any secret toxin would have to be made on people—not just a few human volunteers, but men, women and children going to their work and play, or so on an encampment of troops

or workers in some huge industrial project. Which would, it goes without saying, be out of the question in a democracy. In Soviet Russia alone it might perhaps be possible to stage a trial on prisoners in some closely guarded camp in Siberia.

But, even if this were so, the Iron Curtain hides its secrets. All that is positive is that, at present, one of these gases—"paralith"—is being used as an insect killer in America and has proved so devastating that the workmen have been blankly warned "to wear gas masks or die." Several have already died.

The only antidote so far revealed is atropine . . . and even that is precarious, as huge doses must be used and the remedy might be as fatal as the disease.

To make matters worse, there is at least one nerve gas . . . "diacetylate" (Latin known by its secret war name of "1887") . . . against which no antidote seems yet to have been discovered . . . even Professor R. A. Peters, of Oxford University (who beat the Germans British gas, "lewisite") having failed.

Moreover, defense too is fragile. The two alternatives so far suggested are (1) gas masks and rubber clothing for everybody, (2) provide all future air and shelter with filters (chlorine or ammonia, British sources advised) to try to keep the air pure.

Under the circumstances, there seems no doubt that air invaders could hold a nation at their mercy.

And yet there remains the worst of all. It is the Hydrogen Bomb.

The grim potentialities of the weapon . . . the possibility of the earth's atmosphere being tainted with vast clouds of radio-activity . . . have more than earned it the significant nickname of "The Hell Bomb."

From the "Hell Bomb" there ap-

pears to be no defense. And the bomb's most dangerous effect, from the viewpoint of the entire human race, lies in the violent radio-activity doubt it might be used to produce.

These dusts, blown to the stratosphere, would drift about the earth, gradually settling everywhere. Death would fall, soundless and invisible, with them. The radioactivity would left on streets, on roads, on lawns and by being inhaled when twisted up by the breeze. A person who kept up his normal round of life could receive a deadly dose of radiation before he could suspect he was endangered.

As Leo Schard, pioneer nuclear physicist of Chicago University, has estimated:

"By its blast an H-bomb would destroy perhaps 50 square miles.

"Five hundred H-Bombs could destroy 100,000 square miles by blast.

"In addition, these 50 bombs could create enough radio-activity dust to wipe out all human life on earth."

Harrison Brown, of the U. S. Plutonium Project, has put it another way:

"A series of hydrogen bomb explosions carried along a north-south

line at about the longitude of Panama could produce radiation which, carried northwards by the winds, would destroy all human life within a strip 1,000 miles wide, extending from Leningrad to Lima, and 3,000 miles deep, extending from Prague to the Iliad Mountains. The United States could be straddled in a similar manner. Hydrogen bomb explosions could be set off on a north-south line in the Pacific approximately 1,000 miles west of California. The radio-activity dust would reach California in about a day, and New York in four or five days, killing most life as it traversed the continent."

There is the measure of the terrible menace of atomic dusts as a weapon threatening not single cities, but whole countries and—ultimately—all life on earth.

And, if war is to be Total, that is the possibility merited most keen. As no less a celebrity than President Albert Einstein has said: "The H-Bomb appears on the public horizon as an attainable goal . . . Radio-activity poisoning of the atmosphere, and hence contamination of all earthly life, has been brought within the range of technical possibilities."





## The Casual Prodigal

A sixteen-year-old lad was riding home . . . after six of the worsted years a free-ager herd.

JACKY McGUIRE rode a good stock horse, a mare that was part of a trade he had made for 30 bullocks on Carnewobaddy Station.

At Ross Plains, a thriving cattle market, Jacky had removed 50 a head for 10 bullocks; he had one hundred and twenty ewes in his pouch.

His clothes were ridged with travel, for he had followed a herd of two hundred bullocks, including his own mare, for two hundred and sixty

miles covered in 34 days. It was not thing common for Sydney Town. Jacky stopped down at Parmatatta in front of an outfit's camp.

This was in the year 1843; McGuire was 16 years of age. He was a prodigal returning home after six years. He had run away from home at the age of ten. Had not to end.

Like many another native-born Colonial of the 1840's, Jacky was the son of a convict, one Christopher McGuire, an Irishman transported for

seven years in 1817. After four years as an assigned servant and three as convict-at-large, Christopher had obtained a grant of 40 acres of land at the present site of Rockwood. He married in 1828—the daughter of an ex-convict.

In 1833, McGuire, senior, sold his farm to purchase the Blue Bell Inn in Kent Street, Sydney, but he developed an over-kindness for his own wares; he walked out of the hotel penniless three years later. He rented a cottage on the Biley Estate (Woodwardland), where his children (including the youngest, Jacky) had all the pleasures of the Sydney tribe of aborigines as playmates.

A propensity for getting into difficulties brought on many punishments to Jacky that, at last, he revolted by running away. He set out westward along the Parramatta Road, but, unlike most juvenile runaways, he did not turn back at midnight. The Blue Mountains were a barrier that befriended him.

On August, September 1851, Jacky tailed behind a bullock wagon and managed to persuade the driver to feed him in return for services as stuffer. He stayed with the teamster in journey's end—Mandahong Station, near where Forbes now stands.

The ten-year-old boy was taken on as a cowboy but, after a month, was sent to an out-station, Carnewobaddy. He became a but-minder in the sole stockman there, ex-convict Jim Leach. After a fortnight, Leach rode away from the lot; he did not return.

For a week Jacky kept a lonely vigil. Then one morning he glimpsed a black man, making towards the lot. The boy had no fear of blacks; he beckoned, the native put down his spears and approached. Man and boy conversed in sign language.

McGuire presented his visitor with some of Leach's tobacco and invited him to kill a bullock. The native sped away to gather his fellow tribesmen on return, the hunter slaughtered a bullock.

A fortnight's stay by the blacks was interrupted by the arrival of my white. Young McGuire fraternized with the peaceful blacks. When the tribe departed, he shed his clothing and joined the ranch. He was running away again—from home from his father . . .

One hundred miles down the Lachlan all the tribes of the Kurnah gathered at Murrumbidgee, a sacred place where the great god Barron Barroo was appeased by ceremony, song and dance.

After the ceremonies the tribes dispersed. Jacky went with his adopted wife.

Cramping for a fortnight and then wandering on, the wild white boy learned the tribal secrets and the mysteries of tribal lore.

At the end of three years, runaway Jacky McGuire was the complete aboriginal youth, more for the lighter color of his skin. By that time the career of the drifting grounds had been completed, the 1856 arrived near more at Carnewobaddy.

Instead of the isolated, old lot, the natives found a house, outbuildings and a large dairy herd. A number of milkmen and stockmen were supervised by Mr. and Mrs. Andy Sheehan. While the bluish stock stood in a narrow pen, staring curiously at him, Sheehan, stowaway in hand, rode up to order them away. He stared in surprise at Jacky.

"Are you a blackfellow?" he shouted.

"No, no black boy," Jacky dem-

# LAMENT

Shift are the warrior's  
muscles, composed (oh!) of  
his style

No more in hostile tangles will  
he excite his kins

Dry is his epidermis, a vein  
no longer bleeds

And the cannibals warm  
upon the warrior's hands,

Dried up the warrior's throat  
is, all shattered, too, his  
head,

Still is his epidermis, the  
warrior is dead.

—Composed by an aspiring  
student of a surgeon.

nored "We born slumps Sydney."

Sheehan did not doubt the evidence of his eyes. Jacky McGuire, now aged 18, was recovered back from the wilds and late in output of examination as represented by a Lashien dairy farm. Dressed in borrowed clothing, he watched his trial from-the-adjacent report.

During the two years that McGuire worked as a cowboy, he accumulated 38 dollars. Payment in kind instead was the normal wage reward among Lashien equitarians, for such was more or less unknown in the outback. The employees' "wages" proved with the station stock. When an ambitious man considered that he had sufficient cattle of his own, he mustered and drove his herd into the bush until he found desirable, unoccupied country on which to start a station of his own.

Promoted to assistant charwoman, McGuire had worked for six months when time brought his adopted tribe back to Carrawavindilly. Their arrival was to spell trouble for their pale-skinned brother.

While giving hand-outs of milk, McGuire found his former playmates becoming unresponsive. He refused to give more milk without the permission of Mrs. Sheehan. The tribesmen returned to their camp; but a son, Big Maria (with a damra akash), went to the house. Squabbling between the two, she refused to judge. Mrs. Sheehan called on Jacky for help. Jacky, familiar with the black man's method of dealing with his insolentest womenfolk, threw a showerful of hot water over the stubborn girl. They returned in peace.

The other girl blamed Big Maria. They scolded on her, changing her until until her husband stopped in threatening rudeness to her associates. This brought other husbands into the trap, in a few seconds the fight was general.

Though no fatalities resulted, the tribal allies held a solemn inquiry into the incident. Their verdict: McGuire, recognized from his adopted tribe, was the cause of the trouble. The sentence (communicated to Jacky by messenger): Expulsion from the tribe, and death at the first opportunity.

Jacky McGuire knew enough of his former adoptive kinship to realize that he would die if he remained at Carrawavindilly. At any time and with, tree, or boulder within sight might take an assassin. Any minute of the day might bring a flight of deadly spears from stalking tribesmen.

McGuire decided to leave the station. A mob of two hundred blacks was about to start out in charge of the crowd and another mob. Jacky traded his 18 kippers for 25 bullocks and a good mare . . . and he rode away to help in the driving.

The drivers maintained a creditable

12 miles a day. But even that seemed treacherously slow to Jacky McGuire. The whim of a bird's wings seemed unduly suggestive; he planned apprehensively (telling at frequent intervals, and he secured every tree and patch of scrub ahead, looking for a lurking blackman. For a week Jacky's spine tingled.

No spears came. He reached Sydney Town. "Are you all right, Miss?" were his first words.

Yet the call of the west was to prove stronger to McGuire than the home of Sydney Town or the ties of family. Though his first intention to the Lashien was adventure extraordinary in a young boy, his later life in the same locality was packed with drama.

In the food of 1841, Jacky did outstanding work with a bark canoe of his own making, his life with the blacks having given him the necessary skill both to manufacture and to operate such a frail craft in treacherous water—the Lashien was 20 miles wide in its lower reaches.

During the following year, John

Walsh, driven by the floods to seek safer country, drove his stock towards the Waddien Mountains. Jacky McGuire joined him to marry Walsh's eldest daughter, Nellie.

The Waddien Mountains were the heart of bushrangers and cattle duffers. Most of Gurdin's gang and of Ben Hall's gang were close friends of Walsh and McGuire. Of Jacky's two sisters-in-law, Nelly married (and later deserted) Ben Hall of bushranging fame; Kate, married to a man named Brown, eloped with Frank Gurdin, sometimes called "King of the Road."

Jacky, himself, was arrested for complicity in the Empress Gold Secret Robbery, one of the most sensational bushranging coups ever perpetrated in Australia. He was in custody for nine months before he was finally acquitted at the second trial. His long absence and the expense of the trial had ruined him financially, so he realized what he could for his Waddien Station and left for James to make a new start. He died in April, 1931, at the age of 85.



# What

# makes

# you

# faint?

JULIET PARKER JILLER



Don't swear when a popper throws a dagger; strong men do the same.

A **FADING** spell is not necessarily a sign of illness. In most cases it looks much more alarming than it is. For example, a student nurse nervously prepares for her first night on an operation, and never gets to see that one at all. As long as she sees blood come from the incision, she slides to the floor.

When a perfectly healthy person faints, it's usually due either to a first-time emotional experience that involves surprise or fear—bad news or a shocking sight—or some event

leading to acute bodily discomfort.

Doctors say that everybody is entitled to faint once or twice in a lifetime without needing to worry about it. Fainting that occurs often, however, is a sign of physical illness or emotional maladjustment.

Fainting occurs as an emotional response among normally healthy individuals who are faced with overwhelming danger with which they cannot cope, or it may be the result of fear that the person cannot admit he feels.

Sixty years ago, fainting was fashionable. When a lady's headling was called a rebuke, it contained a still of melting milk—and any fashionable woman expected to read it.

The nineteenth-century heroine, in fact as in fiction, fainted easily and often, at the sight of a mouse or a man. Before she went limp, however, she usually made sure of falling into a pair of strong and willing arms.

Modern medicine seems to be of the opinion that there were three causes in the lady. Not only can emotions cause us to faint, but emotional fasting is more likely to occur when there are other people around.

But fainting as by no means an exclusively female reaction. Statistics show that men faint almost as much as women do.

During the war, Red Cross workers in blood-donor centers found out a great deal about who faints and why.

By never taking more than a pint of blood at a time, and that only from donors whose blood count showed that they could well afford to spare it, blood loss was practically eliminated as a cause of donor fainting. Yet, in spite of this precaution, about 5 per cent of donors fainted before, during or after the needle was inserted into their veins.

This 5 per cent was equally divided among men and women. Most of them were under thirty, and they were the last people in the world you would expect to faint.

Middle-aged men and women who showed a normal amount of reflexes the first time they had a venipuncture would, ordinarily, be no trouble at all. But a burly sea-buster or a giggling young girl who acted conspicuously unbalanced about the whole thing was likely to need ven-

iculation. This was particularly true of persons who came to a blood-donor center with a group of friends and were anxious to get in a good front.

The connection between emotional fainting and getting in a flawless act before others became so apparent in certain blood centers that doctors made a point of separating donors who came together.

Because fainting of this kind is not serious, there has been no widespread research to find out why some donors reacted so dramatically, or why most of them were young and healthy and not the nervous type. Several psychiatrists have offered an explanation that is interesting, although it is still only a theory. Stamped of physicians' papers, the explanation is this:

A certain amount of fear of the unknown is perfectly normal. Everybody knows how painfully the pulse, the pit of the stomach and the legs behave during excitement or fright. Psychologists think that all these sensations are actually preparing the body to run away from whatever is threatening. The pulse beats faster, the blood runs to the legs, the whole body is alerted and working at top speed. We behave much the way a cat does when it sees an unfriendly dog—we're arched and ready to spring.

But unfortunately, we can't get away. We can't run away from the operating table or bad news or a hypodermic needle or much of the unpleasantness of life. So if we're like most people, we just stay put and feel uncomfortable, while the excited body shuts down.

The pulse beats become less frequent, the blood pressure drops, the blood runs from the legs and leaves them limp, and we feel weak all over.

**INCIDENTS ON SOMETHING.** The phone came swooping in to the airport, the steps were left passengers began to pour out, the little crowd at the ramp began to stir restlessly. At long last Qm (very friendly) appeared. They Millard, clad in the full regalia of white tie and tails, courteous demeanor and an air of "Is this what the best-dressed man wears?" . . . plus bedroom slippers and a pajama hat. "Get a load of that!" started a female voice disapprovingly. "Just how funny can you get?" Millard eyed the departing rear-slovene of two seductress-looking matrons and Minked. They didn't wait for him to explain that he'd been doing a broadcast and hadn't had time to change before he caught the plane.

—From "Photoplay," the world's greatest motion picture magazine.

As there are degrees of fear, there are also corresponding degrees of speeding up and letting down. The greater the terror, the more violently the body reacts to it. It makes no difference whether the danger, causing the terror is real or imaginary.

Blood donors who faint, or persons who faint in any emotional situation, have an exaggerated fear combined with a psychological need to control the fact that they are afraid at all. Fainting is actually an unconscious substitute for death when faint is impossible.

The reason an ordinary faint looks just like the reaction of a seriously ill person is that, by and large, the body behaves in much the same way to acute unconsciousness. Fainting, or syncope (the medical term for it), is due to a sudden lack of blood supply to the brain, what doctors call a cerebral anoxia. Cerebral anoxia can be produced by any major or minor physical or mental stimulus to the vagus nerve, which carries impulses to the vital centers of the body.

This vagus nerve goes all the way from the brain, through the neck, to the heart and the abdomen. The part of the neck through which it passes is called the carotid sinus. When the carotid sinus is behaving properly, we don't even hear it's there. But there are unfortunate people (men, mostly) whose carotid sinus is so sensitive that the slightest neck friction can cause them to faint.

Some men faint when they shave in that area. The pressure of the razor is more than they can bear. One case history is that of a young doctor who never fainted until he bought an automobile. When he buckled his car out of the garage and turned his head to see that he wasn't doing the neighbors any damage, he fainted dead away. He carotid sinus couldn't stand the pressure.

Unusual as such a condition is, it is not the most amazing example of fainting. The hysterical fainter—usually a woman—lets the faint. She faints every time she is confronted with something that has unpleasant

memories for her. She faints not occasionally but frequently. Her fight from reality is not due to something she is experiencing at just that minute, but to an association that may go back to early years of her life.

The odor of a rose or the mention of a name—anything that recalls unhappiness—can send the hysterical fainter off. One woman swooned every time she entered a room where there was smoking. With smoking as unwarmed as it is, she swooned repeatedly.

As a young girl she had been engaged to a man who smoked opium. Frightened and happy at her engagement party, she released her fiancé for a minute and went in search of him. She smelled his characteristic opium smoke and followed it to another room, where she saw him holding another woman in his arms. She fainted, and ever since then she had

fainted every time she had been reminded of her broken engagement by the smell of tobacco.

One of the characteristics of the non-cerebral faint is that the spell usually occurs when the patient is standing or sitting.

Revelry and indiscrepancy are two other characteristics of most swoons. The whole reaction is very fast. It lasts, ordinarily, from two to ten minutes. — The longer it lasts, the more serious it is.

The best treatment is practically no treatment at all. The patient must be kept lying down, or have the head bent low if there's just a feeling of dizziness while in a sitting position. The clothes should be unfastened, so that there is no constriction about the neck.

As for medication, aromatic spirits of ammonia — today's version of smelling salts—continue to be the most effective



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS



How do you know when you're dead? More than one Missouri incident proves how hard it is to tell.



**BURIED**

**ALIVE**

**P**ERHAPS the danger isn't so great today as once it was — but one again waking to find yourself in a coffin makes one feel at death.

Berthe will take place within twenty-four hours of apparent death in this country, yet, as long as 1848, a prisoner was presented to the French Senate by a robe veiled De Cuvilly pointing out the dangers of hasty burials.

One of his suggestions was that the twenty-four hours between death and burial should be legally extended

to forty-eight. Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, supported the petition.

In the first years of his successful service, he said, he had saved an apparently-dead old man who lived only twelve hours longer, however, but was saved the ordeal of waking underground.

Later, the Archbishop saved a man who was fully restored to life.

His third sentence was even more unusual.

A girl, daughter of an aristocratic

family, had passed through what was believed to be her last agony, and the father and mother had left the death-bed. Cardinal Donnet knew the girl was all; he called on to announce how she was progressing. He was told she was dead.

He entered the bedroom, where the nurse was covering the girl's face, all signs of life seemed to have left her. For some reason he could not afterwards explain, the Cardinal asked loudly of the girl not to give up hope.

His words reached the girl's brain and halted the march of death. The young girl survived.

But the most striking incident given by the Cardinal created a sensation. It can be given in his own words.

"In the winter of 1838, on a clear and sultry day, in a church that was excessively crowded, a young priest who was in the act of preaching was suddenly seized with giddiness on the pulpit. His words soon became incoherent, he entirely lost the power of speech and sank down upon the floor. He was taken out of the church and carried to his home. Everybody thought that all was over.

"Some hours afterwards, the funeral bell was tolled and the usual preparations were made for the interment. His strength was gone, but if like the young lady I have mentioned he could do nothing, he could nevertheless hear, for he was not dead, and I need not say that what reached his ears was not calculated to reassure him." (What a paragraph of understatement!)

"The doctor examined him and pronounced him dead, and, after the usual inquiries as to his age, his place of birth and so on, gave permission for his burial next morning. The venerable bishop, on whose

church the young priest had been preaching when seized with the fit, came to his bedside to recite the De Profundis. The body was then prepared for the coffin.

"Night came on. You will easily feel how unaccountable was the anguish of the living being in such a situation! At last, seeing the women surrounding mourned him, he distinguished that of one whom he had known from infancy. The voice produced a marvellous effect and enabled him to make a superhuman effort. Of what followed I need say no more than that the seemingly dead man stood next day in the pulpit, from which he had been taken for dead. That young priest, furthermore, if the same man who is now speaking to you, and who — more than fifty years after that event — explains these so curiously to me, is not now here."

No wonder the Cardinal always made certain a person was dead! He had been through it himself.

A pamphlet issued in France in the nineteenth century, with one of the experiences of those days "Lettre sur La Mort Apparente, Les Concomitantes, Les Signes des Informations Post-mortes, et Le Temps Pendant lequel peut persister L'Agitation d'une âme Réveillée à la Vie" (by Dr. Charles Leclerc), cites instances of the apparently dead coming to life. Here is one:

On July 12, 1836, about two o'clock in the afternoon, near the Pont des Arts, Paris, a lady, which appeared lifeless, was taken out of the river. It was that of a young man, about twenty years of age and strongly-built, the corpse was discolored and cold; the face and lips were swollen and tinged with blue; a thick, yellowish froth exuded from the mouth; the eyes were open, fixed and blank;

This Atlantic Ave. Two Richmond (England) inventors have produced traffic signals that talk. When the red light goes on, a voice says "Stop, you can't cross now." When the green light flashes, another voice says: "Look right; look right; look right again"—then—"You may cross now!" The ingenious pair are now working on door-knockers that make chime sounds instead of knocking noises.

the limbs limp and drooping, no pulsation of the heart or trace of breathing was perceptible; the body was said to have been under water for at least half an hour.

Yes, I would have said that the man was dead. But not Dr. Bourgeois, who was sent for to certify death.

The doctor had to put up with the decision of bystanders when he attempted to resuscitate what seemed no more than a lump of clay. But the doctor was young and strong—and he had to be, for he kept at his work alone for several hours. He was on the point of exhaustion when the "drowned" man came back to life!

Dr. Londe concluded in his pamphlet that every day drowned persons were buried who, with greater perseverance, might have been restored to life.

Suffocation and gasping are always tricky cases. Dr. Londe gives an instance. At the extremity of a large grocer's shop, a close narrow

corridor (or, rather, cubby-hole) was the sleeping place of the shopman who managed the night sales until the shop was closed and who took down the shutters at four in the morning. That was in 1885, when workers were not so hard to get.

On January 16, 1885, there were loud knocks at the grocer's door. As the shopman did not do anything about it, the grocer, breathing threats of the sack, had to open it himself. Having attended to the caller, he went along to the cubby hole to give the assistant a proper dressing down, but found that worthy motionless as bed and quite unconscious.

He went in search of a doctor (so perhaps labor was hard to get); the doctor looked at a night lamp which had gone out (although carrying plenty of wick and oil) and a portable stove, containing the remains of charcoal partly reduced to ashes. He declared that he had a case of asphyxiation by asphyxian on his hands. The man appeared to be dead.

But the doctor started all the approved means of restoring animation and, at three in the afternoon, after eleven hours' continuous work, there was a slight pulsation in the region of the heart. A few hours later the patient regained consciousness!

One of the peculiarities of death is to bring on some of the symptoms of death (such as the protrusion, the coldness, and the dull, livid livid) hours before life has departed. Dr. Londe claims that, during epidemics (when burials were swift), hundreds of living people had been buried.

A Dr. Veyrat, attached to the Bath Establishment, Ave. Sorey, was called to La Roche to visit a cholera patient, Therese X., who had lost all the members of her family to the same disease. He found her in

a complete state of asphyxia. He opened a vein, but not a drop of blood flowed. He applied leeches; they bit and immediately released their hold. He covered the body with stimulating applications and left her, asking to be called if the patient showed any signs of life.

A night and a day passed. Prepossession were begun for the burial; but, during these, it was noticed that a little blood was seeping out of the leech-bites!

Dr. Veyrat immediately entered the bedroom just as the nurse was about to wrap the body in the winding-sheet. Suddenly a rattling noise issued from Therese's chest. She opened her eyes and in a hollow voice said to the startled nurse: "What are you doing here? I am not dead. Get away with you!"

Therese recovered, though for two months she was a little deaf before she was entirely well.

Who said "Death is so permanent"?

## HURRY

By CLYDE WILLIAMS



WORTH OF ANCESTRY  
A SMALL PROFIT, BUT  
SHEEPY BARK BARK  
BARK.



THE PROFIT AND A  
BLACK-HEAD BARK BARK  
BARK. BARK BARK, BARK  
BARK BARK BARK BARK



AT LAST BARKING SHEEP  
BARKING BARK BARK  
BARK BARK BARK BARK  
BARK BARK BARK BARK



THEY WERE FREQUENTLY  
TO THE BARK A BARK  
BARK BARK BARK



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THEY WERE FREQUENTLY  
TO THE BARK A BARK  
BARK BARK BARK

# hell in the hot seat

JOHN ADAM



Legal death by electricity solved a national problem after the first victim had been killed in the chair

THE world's first official electrocution of a criminal was at Auburn Prison in New York State on August 6, 1890. But, despite claims that the new method of ending the death penalty was more humane, the first execution was botched. The doctor who performed the autopsy was the real executioner.

Actually, legal death by electricity had caused considerable debate in

New York State for several years. In 1885, Governor Hill recommended to the New York Legislature that "the present mode of hanging has come down to us from the Dark Ages, and it may well be questioned whether anyone could provide a means for taking the lives of such as are condemned a day in a less barbarous manner."

A commission was appointed in

1888 to investigate. After extensive study, the group of scientists proposed electrocution and the change was made.

Electrocution for hanging became law on June 4, 1888, when a bill was signed by Governor David B. Hill, of the New York State.

The State set about devising a means of carrying out the new law. When experiments were carried out with animals, Calves and hares were selected for the trials, and various voltages were passed through them to determine effective electrical charges, sufficient to cause death quickly.

Electrical companies opposed the new measure on the grounds that the public would be afraid to use electricity for ordinary purposes. One company, sponsoring direct current as opposed to alternating current, gave public demonstrations with animals showing the danger of the latter.

Ironically, politicians, who were doubtful of the new method, saw the demonstrations and animals killed by vote for its adoption.

Marvellous construction of the first electric chair was carried out at the Auburn Prison workshop, the almost secrecy surrounding the work.

The death-dealing apparatus consisted of a stationary machine and an alternating dynamo capable of generating a current of 1,000 volts. The "death chair" had an adjustable head rest, hand straps to hold the chest, head, arms and legs, and adjustable electrodes.

The electrodes consisted of rubber caps enclosing metal discs faced with a layer of sponge. One electrode was prepared for attachment to the head, the other to the coil of the right or left leg.

To prevent the executioners from

learning Kerner's holdings for the specially chosen, the State kept them to be present to prove authorization, doctors, clergymen and official witnesses including members of the Press. After an autopsy had been performed, witnesses could clean the body, otherwise it was to be buried within the prison grounds.

The first victim was William Kemmerer, who killed his mistress with a bullet at Buffalo, on March 29, 1890. He was specially executed but it was not until August 6, 1890, that he finally paid his debt to society before an array of physicians and scientists who were expected to attend the first execution.

Due to incompetence, the job was bungled and a public outcry followed. Some newspapers described the execution as a horror and an act of "unconscionable brutality."

A "New York World" report related vividly what happened in the death chamber after the first charge of 1000 volts raged through Kemmerer's body. "Suddenly the breast heaved. There was a shuddering of the straps which bound him. The man was alive..."

"Warden, physicians, everybody, lost their wits. There was a startled cry for the current to be switched on again. Suddenly, only half understood, were given to those on the next room at the switchboard. When they knew what had happened they were quick to act, and the switch handle could be heard as it was pulled back and forth breaking the deadly current into bits."

Public protest finally caused (except from the opponents of capital punishment) and death by electricity continued in the penitentiary in New York for 25 years.

Today, 25 U.S. States use the method; eight use lethal gas and 14 use hanging. In Utah, condemned

CAYWILGARD, August 1951 23

## STATE OF THE NATION (2)

Sing a song of shakels, cant about cash,  
Once a humble treasury would help you out a dash,  
Spurned spiled security, a guano in your hob  
Flooded you with the platitudes and blessed you as a Mob  
Expensive, unexpensive days . . . now give (Alas! Alack!)  
Shall we see your like again? When are you coming back?  
Tall, tell, you trim bank-tellers, will ever paper notes  
Reveal to greater value than the favorite food of goats?  
Sing a song of shakels, cant about cash,  
Count how much a quid can buy and teach your teeth to gnash

JAY-PAY

persons have a choice of death by hanging or by a firing squad. Eight States have abolished capital punishment.

The first electrodes used in executions were the patented property of the first official executioner, Edwin F. Davis. He carried them with him from prison to prison. In the fall of 1932, State officials became concerned as to what might happen in the event of Davis' death.

For two years he turned a deaf ear to all offers and representations to dispose of his rights. Finally, for \$5,000 dollars, he agreed to transfer his patents to the State of New York and to show electricians how to officiate at legal hangings.

Davis pulled the death switch for over 20 years, executing 140 convicted murderers, including two women. His payment for such elec-

trication was \$50 dollars, together with expenses. Over the period, dealing in death netted him more than \$1,000 dollars.

On his retirement in 1934, over 100 applications were received for the position, some from clergymen, lawyers and a number of women. His successor, John Hubert, resigned for 12 years, electrosaving 120 convicts.

Shortly after his retirement in 1935, he committed suicide by shooting himself twice with a revolver.

His successor, Robert G. Elliott, became official executioner for six Eastern States and over a period of more than 20 years looked 217 convicts of the electric chair into eternity—a record for death by lethal current.

Electrocution procedure in most States is divided. The death sentence

provides for electrocution within a week. In practice, a long time usually elapses before the condemned pay their debt to society.

Convicted prisoners spend their last hours reading, writing and playing checkers. A notorious Pittsburgh bandit (and confessed killer of seven men) became engrossed in a sensational magazine story. When he learned he would have to die before finishing the serial, he said: "Gee, it's tough not to know how this thing goes." The publisher heard of it and sent him an advance copy of the final installment.

Some hardened criminals try to be death chamber humorists. George Appel, a famous Chicago gangster, struts into the execution room with a smile on his face. To the guards who were stripping him in, he said: "Well, folks, you'll soon see a naked Appel."

Physical and medical evidence does

not show that death by electricity is painless. The first electric shock of 1,000 volts shatters the nervous system and paralyzes the brain before any pain can be registered.

The body starts a violent red, the temperature rising to 140 degrees Fahrenheit. The current is raised and lowered during five second intervals, the body cramps and unites with sick convulsions and convulsions.

When the electricity is switched off, the condemned person's chest is heard and all the perspiration wiped with a towel. One or more doctors then step up and listen with a stethoscope for the beat of the heart. If satisfied that life is extinct, the prison physician declares: "I pronounce this man (or woman) dead."

The limp body is then unstrapped, lifted to a hospital stretcher and trundled to another room for an autopsy to be performed.



# a BLOSSOMING of BEARDS

JACK FEARSON

A strange wilderness of whiskers seems to be spreading luxuriously across the trim Australian scene



THIS subject of beards is one on which I can claim some slight authority. As a matter of fact—as the teens unfold days of my youth—I actually wore one.

Not a full beard, of course; that was beyond me. For various reasons of my cheeks turned out to be unsavory beaver and perspired as they bare among the bristles like cleavages in the undergrowth of a scrub.

Only my chin proved durable . . . and so I was forced to content myself with cultivation what I hoped would be mistaken for a tuft of the Spanish or "Sullette" style . . . a neat, transfigured dagger of hair, cul-

minating in a needle-sharp point.

At least, this was the theory. In practice, however, the beard at its edges unfortunately tended to irritate the teeth of a cross-cut saw and it could not be prevented from curving upwards of the point in a disconcerting resemblance to the resuscitation of a duck.

Still, I cherished it undiminished the vulgar glaze of the head secretary and the undisciplined glare of rotary disks, women's skirts, impudence, mosquitoes, chamberlains of commerce and other assorted something forth which, by the demands of journalism, I was compelled to belabor—I might have been wearing it today

if I hadn't chosen to become involved in a literary kind of way) with a character so alarm-shorn that he made "the-shiny-you-have-to-touch" ads read like curses for hold-outs.

One word having led to another, this character was in the end so entangled into headlines that he openly proclaimed in the public Press. His (assuming myself) has called me a shorn sheep, pilgrim from the literary appendage on his chin, let's a quit."

Speech failed me. I desisted from debate and departed in the direction of a barber.

Lately I have begun to suspect that this may have been my error.

It strikes me that Australia seems to be breaking out into a new rash of beards.

Wildernesses of whiskers, which were once placed exclusively confined to long-suffering matrons and the more self-consciously-Beethoven brood of certain gentlemen, are spreading their tendrils.

Now, graduated from the bushlike token of the outback "bore" to a half-mark of the wilderness, they are adorning the ranges of actors (of dubious) character actors, superior athletes and even custom picture producers of the younger sort. Unless sometimes drastic happens (barbers may just conceivably be inspired to cut their prices), there seems little doubt that the spadeless will soon be sweeping the population at large.

It is a crime which must be faced in all seasons, but at these times beards, let them be Beards. There is no lack of examples which all these must to be Barbers may imitate.

Consider Herr Andreas (Barthard) Meuser von Tullberg, who passed Germany about 100 years ago.

When Herr Andreas went for a walk, his beard went with him . . . and in no mean fashion. It is reported to have fallen to the ground with enough to spare for the and to reach up again to his belt and be secured around his staff. As Meuser is described as being a "more than usual height," it may be estimated that his beard was three eight or more feet long.

Yet there is only one record of his ever being subjected to the German equivalent of a crude "Gown-get-up-her-cat." The offender was (certainly enough) a huckster almost as heavily bearded as Herr Andreas himself. Possibly meeting a prospective rival, the two-eyed huckster's response was prompt (obviously modeling himself on Meuser, Herr Andreas treated the huckster's beard twice round his left hand and then, with his right hand, struck the miscreant's quip with a key-maker that "not only the man's beard, but also his under-are, came off, by which means the huckster soon after lost his life" . . .

And Herr Andreas was not alone in his glory. There is also the matter of a fascinating accident which occurred the attorney of Bismarck in 1871. It seems that a certain house-master of the town, one Hans Blohm, aged, was happening to keep an appointment when he tripped over his beard and fell down a flight of stairs, breaking his neck.

In case anyone should be inclined to doubt this, it may be mentioned that the beard (being removed from its owner who understandably had no further use for it) was eventually lodged in the museum of Bremen where, according to Austrian officials, it is still on show . . . measuring eight feet nine inches.

**Legal Eagles:** Three rulings by world courts for the benefit of invading lawyers. Supreme Court Justice Francis New York City: "A husband who never notices the nose on his wife's body is not a real husband." High Wyoming: Towna Caswell (Evanston): "Cows are not conducive to ideal courting conditions and must be kept off the town's courting grounds." Chicago: Jury: "Even the largest Great Dane is still an animal."

The lot is almost interminable.

No longer ago than 1815, a Mr. Richard Latter, of Tunbridge Wells (England), was alleged to support a beard measuring 16 feet.

And there is no reason of knowing what extent might be achieved with a little more effort. It has been calculated that, by the age of 55, a man slowly grows about 25 feet of beard . . . but (what with the shambles and everything) who can say for certain that unshaven beards of the future will not better this present it is a sobering thought.

Moreover, bushy beavers may cheer themselves with the proven fact that beards are not merely ornaments; they can serve strictly utilitarian purposes as well.

Most astonishing was Count Baldwin of Elseno . . . later King Baldwin II of Jerusalem. Count Baldwin shaved his beard.

From the record, it appears that Baldwin had married the daughter of a wealthy Armenian, General of

Masters. Finding himself short of cash, he touched his father-in-law for a loan . . . with the usual lack of success. Huffed by this paternal parsimony, Baldwin sped hot-foot to the nearest money-lender and "pledged his beard for a great sum." It was an expensive move. Baldwin's father-in-law harbored all the Armenian's devout veneration for all beards of any shape, size or color. He promptly produced 10,000 golden Byzantines "to prevent damage to his family, and on condition that the beard be never engaged again."

"'Tis right that a man should not lose the glory of the fact, the proof of wealth, the source of male authority," agreed Baldwin, gratefully accepting the loan.

The history of Beards, however, is littered with misfortunes and setbacks. Peter the Great of Russia stage-managed the deplorable "Mascare of the Beards" among his nobles for the excellent reason—our authority is Charlotte Elizabeth, Duchess of Orleans—that "you can't wear a moustache or a beard and blow your nose with your fingers like the Czar does . . . and beards are less expensive than handkerchiefs."

In America, about 1835, Joseph Palmer . . . who flaunted a really magnificent beard . . . served in the village of Fishberg (Ohio). The villagers subjected him to a swift execution; burnt him into aromatic belly-laugh; and melted their incomes that extolledly inhale to hard stones at him. The local pastor re-interested with him; Joseph Palmer repented with chords of Holy Writ. Four men expeditiously unshaven him and attempted to shove him furiously. Palmer produced a pen-knife and voted them. He was

jailed for "unprovoked assault."

But his beard and his bewards had made him a legend. The Whiskered Prisoner of Worcester became an Aesop that he was ejected from the jail. The shock was too much for him, he went home and died. His bearded head was curving on his tombstone and may still be seen at North Leominster Cemetery.

Only a short while ago, one of Hollywood's brighter luminaries . . . Max Loretta Young . . . was bedeviled by newshounds into revealing the astounding secret that she had met a British reporter who also had a beard because he couldn't buy moustaches.

His appalled colleagues ran the offender to earth in Southampton where — by some oversight — "his apologies were accepted and he was not lynched," says one who had observed the encounter.

But why continue? Beavers own now beware.

It is well, however, to remember that in English history, at least, great beards have always flourished in the time of great Queens.

During the period of slightly gruesome reign of Elizabeth the First, Drake always tinged "the King of Spain's beard"; he never punished him in the pleasure or kicked him in the seat of the pants. Queen Victoria, choosing her crown off to the Crown, commanded them to grow beards.

Will history repeat itself with Elizabeth the Second? And . . . terrifying thought . . . women's rights now being admitted, will bearded women burst in cascades from the side-show?

Already strange portents are in the air. For a parade before Princess Elizabeth at Malta, high Naval brass have lately taken the precaution of debauching blagghastly-indignant moustache. By the beard of the Prophet, it makes you think!







My wonder they pack 'em in! . . . "Beauty in Bloom" is the title of that top act . . . we're applying for a job as gardeners in that line of course . . . who knows, we might even be promoted to hydrants with "The Glistening Mayor" . . . Yes, that's the Mayor . . . John Lane to you . . . and, even if his horse is terrible, it settles on his feet his seat firm in the saddle.



Aiding and abetting, too, are certainly Uncle George . . . Of this is her impression of Marie Lloyd, Marco'll never be dead while Linda lives! . . . and that roasting team of "Scotch" longspoons . . . It's been Tony Chase and his Yorkshire lovely, Nellie Williams, . . . But don't all rush off now, you super-beavers, there are also another 70 critics in this George which adds an audience of 227 So keep in the queue, please . . . remember all the best are up to sample . . . breathe . . . pick . . . and choose



# Poison and a Poetess

WALKER HENRY



Was her death accidental? Was she a suicide? Or was she murdered by a racing husband or a lost lover?

IT was a fit posting for a poetess—especially for one whose day dreamed to be a suicide.

The night was lead with squalls from the sea. Swirling gusts of triple rain descended down. The few spectators, huddled about an open grave in the cemetery of Cape Coast Castle, shivered (not entirely from the weather) and buried themselves more

tightly in their cloaks as the flickering torches cast ghostly shadows on the walls.

At the grave's side a drowsiness came, slouching deeply under an umbrella, followed the funeral service at breakfast speed.

Then, the order of exequial ended, clerg and mourners hastened almost disorderly away, leaving the day to

lead on the coffin of Letitia Langdon, one of no small fame in English literary circles.

It was August 13, 1930, and only two hours before a second jury had returned the strenuously-phased verdict "Death from having intentionally taken a dose of prussic acid."

To-day, biographers are still arguing as to what exactly the jury meant by "intention."

In a letter, the poetess had complained: "If my husband expects me to cook, wash and trim; in short, to do the work of a servant; he sure he will never cease from correcting me until he has broken my spirit; and his complaints of my temper, which you know was never, under the most heavy trials, bad?"

Moreover—and to add the most bizarre touch of all—a certain acquaintance Dr. Madden was short enough to discover that Mr. McLean had ordered Letitia's medicine several months before her (allegedly) voluntary demise.

Somewhat naturally under the circumstances, Dr. Madden presently had a nightmare. It happened "when he was sleeping in the room in which Letitia had died" (Why he selected this unpleasant bedchamber is left obscure). "In a half-waking, half-dreaming hallucination," he avers, "I found that the form of Mrs. McLean, clad in a white dress, was extended motionless before me on the floor on the spot where I had been told her body had been found . . . but every time I moved myself the specter grew dim, until, after my husband's name, disappeared."

Which is obviously the one far not only Dr. Madden, but also all good "who-dun-it" fans to read unavailingly. "So her husband did!"

It is an interesting suggestion; but

how strongly is it founded on fact?

Letitia Langdon was born at Chelsea (England) on August 14, 1862. At 18, she published her first book of verse. She also wrote three novels . . . gloriously gloomy.

Nevertheless, she seems to have had her brighter moments. There was, for example, her acquaintance with Dr. Magnus, notorious both for his seven-hare and his seductions.

There is no record now of telling just how far she went with Dr. Magnus. Mrs. Magnus insists she went all the way; Letitia insists she didn't. Dr. Magnus has preserved a deprecating silence. But Letitia did correspond with him. . . .

And this correspondence was still continuing when, aged 38, she met Mr. McLean. Unfortunately, no details of their courting have survived. It is merely known that, in June, 1918, she married him . . . and that (at the wedding breakfast) Mr. McLean replied to the toast of "The Bride and Groom" with the surprising (and totally unalloyed) statement: "If Mrs. McLean has no easy friends, I am extended that they are allowing her to leave them."

What really occurred in the two months between her arrival at Cape Coast Castle and her furtive (and too hasty) burial at dead of night is anybody's guess.

Was she tormented over the verse of suicidal intensity by a seductive husband? Was Mr. McLean (or Dr. Magnus) trying to let off an accomplice? Or was it accidental?

Perhaps there may find a clue in a verse she wrote not long before she left England forever:

"Blue shall be a weaker ending,  
Blue shall be a wilder drive;  
Where the silent and struck are bleeding.

Where the turpet meets the wave."

CAVALCADE, August, 1931 33

# Crime Capsules



**OPEN THE DOOR, RICHARD:** Something over a century ago, Lucy de Mutha, misnamed as Beauty Queen of Persia. She was an actress who, during her stage career, made and threw away a couple of fortunes. Her values dwindled with her cash and, at last, she was left alone and in poverty. Apparently, solitude assuaged her. She could not bear the smother surrounding her and the sight of her fading beauty infuriated her. She was (she announced) determined to be content with her golden reverses as farthest hence (that there weren't any is beside the point) need apply. So, when she heard a knock on the door and a voice asking to be let in, she put her words into action. Scrambling up a plank she fired through the door, thereby giving herself another memory—of the unexpected demise of Richard Monahan, who had called to collect the winking.

**SPIRIT OF FUN:** Seems that a sense of the conventions can take some eastern twists up Dallas (U.S.) way. Not long ago, one Pete Williams was pulled into police headquarters there for liquidating a money of his, Charlie Miller. Protested Pete plaintively to the gookman "Shucks! We was just foolin' around. I went to Charlie's place and told him to

leave my girl alone and he said he wouldn't. So we just got to shootin'!" According to the police report, eight of Charlie's bullets had missed Pete before the final salvo.

**CARNIVEROUS CUB:** When Mary Jane McLeish, of New York, was bitten by a dog, her mother called the constabulary. The limb-of-the-law who attended was obviously a dog-lover. "That there girl injured that dog," he denounced loudly. "She did not," protested the mother passionately. The law's limb directed his attention to the girl's brother. "Then the boy did," he insisted. "No, he didn't either," denied the mother, even more heatedly. "Wait," bade the limb. Marching to the dog's demise, he knocked on the door . . . ostensibly to question the canine. The door opened; the dog bit him. Case closed.

**TYPOGRAPHICAL:** In a North Carolina (U.S.) court James L. Thomson, a motorist, pleaded plaintively that he ought not to be fined for parking his car beside a board marked "NO STOPPING." "A stopping," he pointed out, "was a method of excavating used in maring." Permissibly, he had never "staged." "Understandable," agreed the Court and, discharging Mr. Thomson, ordered the sign to be relettered . . . without typographical errors.

Opposite: Study by JACK HOWARD



# AMBER INSECT

THE SOUTH AMERICAN DIDN'T GUESS WHAT  
GROTESQUE HORRORS THE AMBER INSEED HIED.

BENSON DOLLING • FICTION



HE had intended to write a book about medieval architecture, in a prose as classic as an antique cathedral, illuminated, as by stained glass windows, with wit.

That was long ago.

Now he sat hunched in a faded chair in his dusty library, slipping without

thought at a whisky and soda, wondering whether civilization would destroy itself with atomic bombs or with a bacteriological weapon and which of the two would make for a more desirable end.

Merton was puzzled. Life had no meaning. Art was worse. Merton had



They swarmed . . . murderous  
proving ever longer and larger  
... as their odd hued leader

no validity. People he passed on the street reminded him of so many bugs.

There was a knock on his door.

Damn! It was the joker from the apartment above.

"I am so glad, Mr. Merton . . . to find you! This is an exciting moment in my life . . . and I must have a witness, a witness . . . I must have

you for a witness, Mr. Merton!"

Merton had not moved beyond waving his left hand toward the book shelves while opposite while, with his right hand, he twisted the tankard containing his drink. Once he had been a decent host; but polite gestures no longer seemed worth while and he gulped the fat, oily and nause South American who had

# A WARM WARNING TO WISFUL WOLVES

Be aware of the look com-  
bative,  
be aware of the deeper sweat,  
be aware of the beckoning  
humble,  
be aware of the actual rest . . .  
be aware of the wiles of  
vanishing.  
And, brother, remember to  
trust  
when you're closing your eyes  
to temptation,  
be sure you don't seem to  
wink.

JAY-PAY

forced himself into his cozy bed.

Little hands of velvet clothed on  
the fellow's shiny brow.

"It's about a little chunk of amber.  
I picked it up in an antique shop  
years ago."

"If there is anything that interests  
me less than any other thing at this  
time, it's probably amber."

"But my dear Mr. Menton, this  
piece of amber has an interest in it—a  
found reason!"

"I can't imagine a better place, for  
an insect."

"But . . . Mr. Menton . . . I was  
looking into my piece of amber and  
I saw the insect there."

"Tell it to a flea about."

"Please . . ." The man leaned for-  
ward, recollecting. "I picked it up  
years ago, my piece of amber, in an  
antique shop. It is amber cut on  
a cushion . . . the size of my thumb  
nail— beside it is a fossil, the insect.  
At night, when I am bored, I look  
at the amber, and I wonder how long  
the insect is in it, and how the  
stuff formed about it; and I read

about amber, and I learn a little.  
Then, one night, months ago, the in-  
sect moves one of its legs! . . . a  
little less, a very little bit, and I  
think that it is impossible and that  
my eyes are tired and let me imagine  
that he moves. So I watch him, and  
the next night he does not move,  
and then, two nights later, he moves  
again . . . always the same leader . . ."

The fellow started, restless, an-  
noyed.

"Look! the insect is in amber. It  
has been there many thousands of  
years, since when the resin hardened  
about it, and now it moves a leg!"

"That's reasonable enough. The  
thing felt a bit cramped."

"Oh, you are impossible! Look, I  
will tell you the rest. The insect  
moved its leg, it is easy, I know,  
but I saw it move, again and again  
—it moved always the same leader.  
So I figure it is alive. I figure that  
if it is released from the amber it  
may walk around the way it did  
before it became frozen in there.  
Maybe, if I can get it out, it will  
live for a few minutes, a few hours,  
a few days."

"Aren't there enough insects in the  
world today?"

"This is an insect different from  
any we have in today's world. It is  
a fossil. It is a relic, it is im-  
portant . . . Anyway, I take my  
amber to a laboratory and I tell him  
that expense is no object, I want to  
get out the insect and I want it as  
fast . . . Five weeks he works on my  
amber, with little saws, little chisels,  
little wheels that cut and grind . . .  
Now he is finished and I tap my  
amber and it falls apart into bits,  
maybe into a hundred fragments, and  
my insect emerges intact."

"I trust the creature thanked you."

"No, no . . . you do not under-

stand. I have not yet tapped the  
amber. You will come with me, to  
witness, to see that I release the in-  
sect to witness with me of it now,  
if it is alive . . ."

"Where is the thing?"

"Outside. In my apartment."

"You will come up, please?"

"They want to see the thing above."

Along a curved ironwood table was  
a little cushion. In its centre rested  
a small oval of amber.

The South American pointed to it,  
and Menton leaned forward, fasci-  
nated. Opposite him, across the table,  
the man raised a rubber-headed mallet  
and tapped, lightly. Nothing  
happened. He tapped again. Frag-  
ments of amber separated from the  
lump. Again he tapped, and the egg  
divided into many parts, which clapped  
away from a tiny translucent in-  
sect that, in the centre of the silk  
cushion, waved one leg.

"It was that same leader it moved  
before, before I released it!" exclaim-  
ed the South American.

It was his last loud remark.

The insect, Menton noted, seemed  
to be on the verge of enjoying itself.  
Certainly it was working. First as  
leader, then another, made tentative  
silken gestures over the small cushion.  
Then the tiny insect started to  
grow; and, as it grew, it divided,  
separating itself into sections like ti-  
nesh and then continued to grow;  
after a division into four, these be-  
came eight and the eight still-  
gled.

It was not necessary to lean for-  
ward, straining the eyes, to see the  
creature now; each the size of a  
man's fist, they swarmed, always  
dividing, ever growing, over the table  
top; and from each, where every ten-  
acle joined its creature's body, issued  
tiny globules (increased in size as

the creature grew) of a viscous  
shining amber fluid, which dropped  
to the table top and, with enormous  
rapidity, beamed through it to the  
floor.

Menton backed away to the door,  
opening it, looking, as he closed it  
behind him, at the first, swarming horde  
of the South American—who stood,  
back against the wall, a swarm of  
the ever-increasing, quickly-growing  
creature between him and the only  
method of escape.

Menton hurried into the elevator  
and descended to his rooms below.  
Thoughtfully, he locked his door.

A rattle, outside his window, dis-  
turbed him—a sound like that of  
softly shifting October leaves. Cre-  
tures, in semi-gloaming insects, half  
the size of men—were gliding down  
the walls of the house, onto the city,  
myriad swarms; and they left col-  
ourless tracks in their wake.

Something dripped from the ceiling,  
onto his coffee table, and beamed  
through it. From upstairs he heard  
a pained scream, a series of shrieks,  
and then the rattle as of wind  
through leaves.

Scuffling past his windows, over  
gliding down, the creature were so  
thick now that they shut out the  
sun.

The ceiling was cracking with vis-  
cous drops, which dripped and  
burned. With apathy, Menton saw  
a single drop fall on his copy of  
Lander's Imaginary Conversations.  
The cover cracked and dripped to  
the floor.

Faded odor pervaded the room.

Menton remembered that he had  
been among a bottle of Irish whiskey  
for an emergency.

Perhaps that was it.

He took the flask from a cupboard.

"Darned South American Age!"  
he muttered.



Those narrowed eyes still stared at him, the gun was still aimed for his stomach.

THE prison clock struck five slow strokes and the two wardens formed into a short line while the Sunday called the roll and checked their whistles and revolvers. Then, at a word from the Senior, they picked up their lunch bags and broke up into pairs.

Max Brennan fell into step beside

old John Lee and they walked through the gateway at the inner stone wall and along the path that led to "Y" Division. Max was conscious of the heavy revolver strapped to his waist, and felt a strange sense of importance as he walked towards his first night watch. But, deep in his mind, his heart beat quickly as he re-

# First Watch

JAMES FERRISON

■ FICTION

IT WAS QUIET . . . MUCH TOO QUIET AS THE  
ROOKIE WARDEN WALKED ALONG THE CELLS



called the words of the warden coming off duty.

"You're in 'Y' Division, to-night, aren't you?" he'd asked.

"That's right."

"Well," the other looked about him, and leaned forward to tap Max on the knee, "I wouldn't be surprised if

there's something cooking in there to-night."

Max had wanted to ask him more, but the warden had turned away to speak to someone. Besides, Max didn't want him to think that he was scared.

As they walked towards the Division, Max wondered if he should tell

**HOMIE, SWEET (?) HOMIE:** Statistic compiled by a down-trogt U.S. auditor who lost home for one day. Opened door for children, 108 times; closed door, 184; told them about, 10, received wrapping baby, 21; told teenager-old "Don't" 34; stopped quarrel, 18, served glasses of water, 25, wiped faces, 15, answered cardinals, 143, stamped by questions, 115; ran after children (approximately), 4 1/2 miles, lost lamp, 11 times. Knees and arms (etc.) picking up toys; frustrating material, (excessive) with answers, etc. accepted. New duty that woman's place is in the home.

Lee. He wanted to, but he was afraid that the old warbler would laugh at him. After all, there might not be anything in it, just someone trying to make themselves important to the officers.

Then they were at the Division and nothing to the Chief. Mat climbed the iron steps to the upper tier and set off to count the occupied cells and check the lights near the doors. As he came round the corner of the "T"-shaped Division he stole a glance at the Chief waiting below. The Chief seemed to be pondering some deep problem.

"Thirty-two!" Mat called as he came back to the iron stairs.

The Chief nodded and waving the keys in his hand as he waited for the report from the lower man. He got it, then looked up at Mat again.

"This is your first time in this Division, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes, Chief. First night watch."

The Chief nodded, seemed about to say something, then walked his head towards Lee.

"You've got a good man there," he said. "He'll put you up to anything you're not sure of."

"Thanks, Chief."

The Chief threw another glance about the Division, then down the iron grill gate closed and turned the lock. His footsteps made no sound on the cold metal as he walked down the long passage, and Mat leaned on the iron rail looking down at Lee.

"Better go round and busy another look at your doors and lights," Lee told him. "Make you feel safer."

As he walked along, carefully checking the pull-knobs, lights and bolts, Mat wondered if old Lee knew anything.

What did the warbler mean when he said that something might break? Was it only to make him more careful? But why should he do that? Somebody could have tipped him off . . .

"Bum."

Mat started, his heart beating faster and his hand going to the revolver at his side. He stopped back and said, "What's the matter?"

"They forgot to switch my light on, bum. Number 4," came the voice, strangely clear in spite of the heavy door.

Mat reached up and pressed the light switch. "Here's that?"

"Thanks, bum."

Mat looked at the iron bolt carefully. Was this part of a carefully prepared plan? That was one thing about that place: there were long hours of darkness and plenty of time to plan and prepare. There was the new Welling got out—swung himself through the bolt on his door and slid it with a snap—and took to the warbler with an iron bar . . .

The warbler hadn't been a sage bird when they had found him. An iron bar . . . moving the right way and into anything so pliable as a human head . . . was very like a blind hit—only worse. There was, however, nothing neat or delicate about it. If anything, it is diametrically wrong. Too many, in fact . . . even for the under-trained stomach of a prison warbler.

He shuddered and tried not to think of it. He walked on, completing a round of the bar and finding nothing out of place. Still, he'd be ready. He underlined the flap of his halberd.

There were three little brass electric clocks in the Division, one at the end of each tier, and when the prison clock sounded seven he walked around and turned them with his key. Lee did the same thing ten minutes later. That way there was always a man in command of the Division.

The Senior came into the Division and waited by the gate until Lee had checked the exercise yards. Then he went on his round. He would not come back again until about 11:30.

Mat opened his bag and took out some sandwiches and a thermos of tea. He switched his clock and settled back for his supper. From where he sat he could see down each of the three brightly lit tiers without turning his head.

That warbler sounded sincere enough with his warning. But maybe

somebody was kidding him. Maybe the crime knew that a new man would be on duty to-night and wanted to scare him. Maybe. The Division was quiet now, but you never could tell what was going on inside those cells. There were the little peep holes, of course, but most of them were useless, besides it was dark in the cells by this time and if you switched on the light they'd know you were suspicious.

As he sat, Mat's thoughts were going round and round, darting off at tangents, wondering, evolving the area and planning what he would do if somebody did make a break. The point was: if it came to a showdown, could he shoot a man, even a criminal, in cold blood?

He thought that one over for a long time. He was still thinking of it when he made his next round. The next one would be his last before the Senior came back. Then, at it, his watch would end.

Mat walked the length of the tier while the clock struck ten. The echoes rolled into silence, leaving a strange hush over the Division. Mat's sleep-porn made a little noise on the cot mattress and the soft, steady breathing from behind the doors came to him clearly.

A drowsy feeling came over him as the spent air from the cells crept under the doors and drifted into the Division. Long, cold and drowsy as it was, the Division seldom smelt death and sleep. At night it was worse. Mat stopped by the window at the end of the tier and let the cold night air take some of his drowsiness.

He finished marking his clock and walked slowly back to his little table and stool. He had been sitting there for just an 15 minutes when he realized that old Lee had not marked

his stocks. Staring at himself—Lee was known to dote off at turns—Mae looked over the railing.

For a moment Lee's unusual attitude did not impress him. Then he sensed. It wasn't natural for Lee to appear across the table like that. Mae's hand moved to his chin.

"Leave it where it is," a soft voice said, and Mae lifted her eyes slowly to look at the man crouched on the doorway of one of the lower cells. Lee's gun was in his hand.

"What the hell do you think you're doing, Martin?" Mae said.

"Honey?" Martin's eyes narrowed. "Why did you have to be on here tonight?" he said.

Mae remembered the first day he had been on duty in the prison yards. Martin was down there breaking stones for some prison crime and Mae had given him a cigarette. He'd forgotten until now, but Martin must have remembered. A slight hope took

root inside Mae that the cold numbness left her stomach.

"You don't think you can get away with this, do you?" he asked.

"You can move your breath," Martin told him. "Only one thing'll stop me getting' out of here to-night. Do as you're told and you won't get hurt. Understand?"

Mae had a pretty good idea of what he meant and that sinking feeling came back to her stomach. In a detached sort of way he wondered if, given the chance, he could shoot Martin. He told himself that he could, hoping all the while that it wouldn't come to that. Martin had never done anything to him.

"Come down here," Martin told him, "and keep your head well away from that gun. If I cap it to-night a few screws are goin' to go with me."

The cold, calm way he said that brought a dizziness to Mae's mouth and a heaviness to her feet.

"Now go round and check the bottom clocks," Martin said to Mae, reaching the lower tier.

Martin stood by the rear gate and followed the wander with the other men's gun. Mae walked stiffly, slowly, aware that the other had planned this in every detail. He knew the clocks had to be marked, knew, too, that the Senator was due soon very soon with the boys of the Division. Mae knew that was why Martin let him keep his gun. It was the first thing the Senator would look for when he saw Mae on the lower tier.

Mae put the little key in the first clock and twinged it, then turned and walked back. He wondered if the other was a good shot. Maybe if he dashed into a cell doorway and pointed his gun . . .

But the mouth of the other gun never wavered. He could see the first finger hovering over the trigger and the hard, stannard eyes watching Mae

all the time. The bullets in that gun were terrible things. How a hole in a man as big as your fist. His muscles splintered for a spring and he thought whispered "Now. He couldn't let you slip into the doorway. Quick!" But he walked on, down the center tier and around to the next.

"Now you can stand there in front of the gate and wait for the Senator," Martin said.

Mae looked his lips, wondering if the other could see his trembling muscles and the sweat on his face. "What am I going to say when he asks me why I'm down here?" Mae asked.

"Tell him Lee took sick."

"Yeh. He's going to believe that all right."

"He won't have to. As soon as he gets to the gate I'll take over."

Mae took up his position near the gate and Martin edged to one side as



# FORECAST

I remember, I remember,  
For my childhood flitted by,  
It was hot then in December,  
It was colder in July.  
In the winter there were  
freezings,  
In the summer there were  
thaws,  
But the weather isn't now at  
all.  
Like what it used to was!

— Another epic from the pen  
of that popular poet,  
ANON.

that he could keep both the gate  
and the warden covered.

"I still say you won't get away with  
it," Mat said.

"I'm running this show," Martin  
told him curtly.

They settled down to wait for the  
Senator, Mat watching for just one  
slip on the other's part and still  
wondering if he could shoot the man  
with the cold eyes and drawn face.  
The clock ticked the half hour and  
the Division slept on.

Then the Senator came to the end  
of the long stone passage and Mat  
stiffened. The Senator looked surprised  
to see him there, but came on down  
the passage.

Watching him, Mat felt the short  
hairs on the back of his neck crawl.  
He wanted to shoot, anything to break  
the damned silence. The Division  
seemed to hold its breath. He was  
halfway down the passage now. Mat  
threw a glance at Martin. Those nar-  
rowed eyes still stared at him and  
the gun was still aimed at his middle.  
The muscles of his stomach contracted

as his imagination felt the twisting  
shock of the bullet. He had no illu-  
sions about Martin's seriousness. Once  
he got his hands on those keys a  
bit of noise wouldn't matter. He'd  
be on his way—and dead then don't  
tell.

The Senator took the keys from his  
pocket and came up to the gate.  
"Where's Sam?" he said.

Mat nodded towards the table.  
"He's sick."

The Senator peered through the bars  
as he fumbled with the lock. The  
lock clicked open.

"Now drop your keys and step  
back," Martin said quietly.

The Senator took an unobtrusive  
movement towards his gun and Mar-  
tin swung to cover him. Mat dove  
for his gun, praying that he would  
make it and died that he had left  
the dog undone. Martin swung back,  
hesitated, looked at the Senator.

Then Mat got his gun free. He  
lifted it, pressing the trigger as the  
heavy barrel came up. Martin stag-  
gered, tried to raise his gun, dropped  
it and flung against the wall. He  
twisted his head to look at Mat.

"Why'd it have to be you?" he  
whispered, and slid to the ground.

Mat let the gun fall to his side. He  
walked over and stood looking down  
at Martin.

"Good work, Benson," the Senator  
said.

But Mat didn't hear him. He was  
a little surprised at the ease with  
which he had killed a man. There  
was nothing to it. You just pulled the  
trigger, and then . . .

And Martin. He wouldn't know  
much about that bullet hit him. You  
could see the death in his eyes as he  
fell down. Mat wondered if he  
remembered that cigarette. But surely  
a dying man doesn't think of those  
things?



"Pardon me, I'm looking for my husband—  
a little man who must have stared at you!"



# Pardon My Bag

Packed by GIBSON



Gladstone bags were invented by a man named Gladstone (who evidently did not like people with fingers).

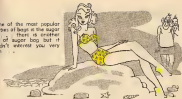
Then there are stoking bags - it is amazing the things they can carry and the way they slip it.



Paper bags were invented as being the easiest method of dropping vegetables or the week-end supplies in public places.



One of the most popular varieties of bags is the sugar bag - there is another type of sugar bag but it wouldn't interest you very much.



A very well known type of bag is the rat-bag - these are found around any public bar - in Bohemian haunts and sometimes sleeping it off under my table.

And last, but not least, are the bags under my eyes known to my intimate associates as "The Price of Gibson's Folly" - but brother, what folly!



# STRANGER

## and Strangers



**RING IN:** In Sweden, members of a profession or trade each wear a special finger ring. For instance, a chimney-sweep is recognized by laurel leaves and thistle engraved on the ring; a carpenter has a series of notches between interposed with oak and Greek crosses; high school teachers wear oak leaves. Moreover, a good Swede wears a family ring on his forefinger, a professional ring on his middle finger and a wedding ring on his fourth finger.

**HAVE A HEART:** The human heart is constantly working on each return beat, after pumping the blood forward. Although only 5-12 ounces in weight, the heart beats about 1,500,000 times in the life of a man who dies at the age of 85. You can get a good idea of your heart by looking at your fat. On the other hand, the simplest forms of life have no hearts at all. Insects and earthworms possess a primitive, two-chambered heart. Hearts of fish have two chambers; those of frogs three; and only those of mammals, birds and humans four.

**THE RAZOR'S EDGE:** Latest in U.S. designs are nylon shaverblades for electric razors. The nylon "blade" is used as a connecting rod to transmit power from the motor to the cutter-blade. Weighing only one-eighth as much as metal, the nylon "blade" still has the necessary

strength, prevents the transmission of shock from blade to motor and absorbs vibration.

**ELECTRIC BOOKS:** Borrowers from the library with the speed of electricity will soon be a commonplace at the Oakridge National Laboratories (U.S.). A high-speed, long-distance facsimile system has been installed to allow scientists at widely separated laboratories to consult library references without leaving their buildings. The system uses a tiny spot of light focused on the page to "read" the copy. This light is converted into electrical signals that are then transmitted over an ordinary telephone line. The recorder reproduces a clear, legible copy at the rate of 125 square inches a minute.

**ROCKET RESPONSE:** "What's happened?" That's a question you can't ask a rocket after it gets back from the stratosphere. Accordingly, a mechanical steno-grapher now rides along, continuously recording temperature, air pressure, speed and the like on a steel tape six inches wide. Weighing 45 lbs. and sturdy enough to stand firing and landing shocks, the 120-foot magnetic tape can take detours of 200 hours at information simultaneously during a 10-second dash!



*"The first of the month is on you, dear!"*



## B LONDE IN THE BELFREY

GLANCE, you should look what's happening in the Old Clock Tower at Mirehill . . . there's a weird witch a wandering in the Clockwapper . . . she's waiting for that knight errant, so they say . . . seems like the knight has been warned . . . the local cockatrice seems to be searching the clock, anyway.

58 CAVALCADE August, 1933



In this you, you can? — well, waterpumpkin by — I . . . Ah, so sorry  
so sorry! . . . you're not here at all? Well, which way did he go then? —  
Thosoway? . . . why, the low-down best, I'll teach him to run out on me . . .  
Oh all the . . . !





But, oh love, isn't it wonderful . . . who's loved him or lost . . . and who could  
 anything about him? . . . why, he's gorgeous . . . he's divine . . . and he won't  
 get out of her sight except that he's out of control . . . so don't you dare  
 touch him, you crazy old, you . . . he's here . . . (by the way her name is Heidi;  
 Schell's her Aborigine)

54 CAVALCADE August 1951

printers to

## BETTER HEALTH

**GROWING PAINS.**—Statistics show that teenagers and young adults of today are much taller than their parents and grandparents. This increase in height would be a great boon if there were also an increase in width and strength. However, because there is no increase in width, there is a lack of fat to hold up the abdominal organs in their proper place, thus interfering with digestion and removal of wastes from the body. In such cases, an abdominal belt will help keep abdominal organs in position, until muscles with knees straight gradually strengthen muscles so that braces will be unnecessary.

**HEART MURMURS.**—Though a heart murmur may be a symptom of severe heart disease, a great many murmurs are due to looseness of the blood. Many murmurs due to a leaking valve of the heart do not endanger life. After a complete examination, the physician is able to tell the patient what he may expect as the days go by. He may show that, despite the murmur, there is little or no enlargement; that the murmur does not increase with exertion; and that the heart returns to normal a short time after exertion. The patient can then forget the murmur as he is likely to live as long as if he had no murmur.

**LIP CANCER.**—When a small sore appears on the lip, not much notice is taken of it as the blood supply there is good and the sore usually heals in a short time. However, cancer of the lip begins as a small sore; if the sore does not heal within two or three weeks in a middle-aged man or woman, there is a fair chance that this sore is cancer. Fortunately, cancer of the lip is easily reached for treatment by X-ray, radium or surgery. More than 75 per cent of all lip cancers can be cured if treated early. For those, however, who—either from fear or procrastination—delay before seeking medical treatment, permanent disfigurement may result. So don't hesitate if you're suspicious—go, now!

**WORRY.**—Worry is really chronic fear. Its beginning is a thin tracing of fear through the mind. It encourages the outer a channel into which all other thoughts are drawn. All people are afflicted with fear at times because fear is aroused by the emergencies, crises and responsibilities of life. When we are tired or hungry, fear becomes lively; when we are neither tired nor hungry, we can better face our problems. Through proper food and enough rest, the body helps to calm the mind.

CAVALCADE, August, 1951 55

# CINDERELLA MAN OF STOUGH

Even what looked like a real head-on took a long time to down a pug with glass hands and iron jaw.

FRANK BROWNE



ON June 22nd, 1935, in Chicago, a Heavyweight Champion of the World put his title on the line. His name was Jim Braddock.

Usually, when a Champion goes into the ring to defend his title, he is favorite in the betting. Braddock wasn't. The reason why he wasn't was that the man who was challenging him was a man on whom the masses of spectators had already fallen. The Challenger was Joe Louis.

Never a big heavyweight, on that night Braddock was at least a stone and a half heavier than his challenger, Louis, at that stage was being dubbed as the most destructive puncher since Jack Dempsey.

Braddock moved right into Louis and the crowd, which had quite cheerfully laid 8 to 1 on the man who was already known as the Brown Bomber, were quite worried for the first five rounds.

Braddock hit hard enough and often

enough to keep Joe off balance constantly. It was only after the fifth round that the Challenger's two-fisted attack began to pay dividends.

At the end of the seventh round, Braddock went back to his corner a pretty badly battered man.

Joe Gould, his manager, and a man who had his interest at heart—which does not always mean the same—wanted Braddock to quit.

"I won it and there is the centre, and that's the place to lose it," said the Champion.

Braddock went out for the eighth round and Louis roared in with perhaps the best two-fisted attack that the boxing game has seen. A minute and a half later, Braddock was no longer World Champion.

He had won the title as an underdog and lost it the same way, but he brought nothing but glory on the somewhat credit score of the fight.

The Braddock story was a story of a real Cinderella man.

He started fighting in 1928 and showed more than just an aptitude for the game. Back in the days when Earlsbrook, Delaney, Longman and other men knew what time it was when it came to fists and fighting, Braddock had made his debut.

His first year's boxing saw him pile up an impressive record. He scored 15 knockouts, including eight in one round.

The year 1931 saw him carry on the good work. He won 17 of his 19 bouts, six by clear-cut early knockouts.

It was in the last month of his third year of fighting that Jim Braddock dropped his first decision, a disputed 15 rounder with Joe Seligson, a rough and tough Brooklynite.

In 1932, Braddock started to have trouble with his hands. Of all the things that can happen to a boxer,

hand trouble is the worst. His record in that year reflected what had happened. He fought only nine times. Of these nine fights, four were won on knockouts. The remaining five were losses on points, fights in which Braddock tried to score points without bothering his broken and jarred hands. One of these fights, against Tommy Longman, for the Light-heavyweight title, saw him drop a narrow points decision, against a man who had few peers in the world.

Braddock's hands got steadily worse. 1933 saw him fight only five times. One knockout win, a points decision, and three losses on points.

The next year saw things even worse. He fought ten times, and had to fight them under the terrific handicap of fists he couldn't trust.

In the next two years, he won only six out of 15 fights, and was knocked out for the first time, by Lew Somers.

More than his weak hands were against him. The depression was now three years old. There were plenty of young, willing men offering, ready to have their heads knocked in for a few bucks. Braddock found that he couldn't get fights.

A few of those closest to him said he'd had a tough break. But hell, they come and go, and wasn't everybody finding things tough?

For seven years he fought his way up to very near the top—he had discussions over men like John Henry Lewis and Max Baer. But after seven years of battling, in 1935, Braddock's hands went back on him—which is about the same thing for a fighter as a vicious virus for a school-grad.

The rusty light-heavyweight who had a wife and three children to keep, went to work on a wharf below on a New Jersey dock. Shortly after

that, with the depression as its third year, the New Jersey docks, like their counterparts all over the world, became a forest of makeshift funnels and little wreaths. Braddock went on relief.

Perhaps the only two men at this time who remembered that Braddock was a fighter, were Braddock himself and Joe Gould, a volatile little man who had been his manager.

Gould never stopped trying to get Braddock a fight. In June, 1934, the unbelievable happened.

One Sam Griffin, an outsider from Georgia, was being built up as a title hope. There is no doubt at all that those behind Griffin thought they saw in Braddock a genuine pit again whom Mr. Griffin could operate to his own advantage.

Mr. Griffin was not a really good fighter, but those behind him thought that he could be packaged into a match. They knew that Braddock had once been a name to conjure with. They never thought it necessary to do any business with him, to make arrangements that would prevent anything going wrong.

Which was rather too bad for Mr. Griffin.

Things went wrong. The man on relief threw punches hard and fast at the representative of the deep South and in the third round he applied an extremely hard right to Mr. Griffin's chin—which resulted in the requisite ten seconds' blackout in that gentleman.

That night, Braddock impressed one good judge at least, Damon Runyon. The hospitalized, non-fighting columnist said that he thought Braddock might have a chance with anybody fighting at that time, up to, and including Champion Max Baer. Some people laughed, but not many. Runyon had been right rather too often,

for argument in such matters.

People take a lot of convincing on the subject of pigs making a comeback and it was then demanded of Braddock that he fight Light-heavyweight Champion John Henry Lewis.

Braddock outpointed Lewis very easily in a pretty good fight. By now he was back in the game, and was even being considered as an out-and-out prospect for a heavyweight title bout.

In March, 1935, Braddock fought Art Lasky and he outpointed him clearly. This meant that a fight with Max Baer, the Champion, was a possibility.

Max Baer was by no means as much a fool inside the ring as he was outside. His ten-round knockout of Max Schmelling in 1933 proved that he could punch.

Baer gave Braddock a shot at the title on the 19th June, 1935. Braddock got into the ring one of the longest-paced Challengers who were known. The odds on Baer were ten to one.

Thirty-five thousand people saw one of the great sports in ring history. Braddock kept crawling away from Baer's lethal right hand and jibbed away himself with his left, to pick up a convincing points win. In the referee's book the score was: Braddock nine rounds, Baer four rounds and two rounds even.

The man who had been offered up as a pacifistic sacrifice had come good. Unfortunately, right as his heels were Joe Louis, who had already cut a swathe through the running-heavyweights.

Braddock got a surprise when Louis went down to Schmelling in 1935 in a fight that in its way was as big an upset as Braddock's title win against Baer.

Schmelling demanded a shot for the title with Braddock, but a growth

on Braddock's hand prevented the fight taking place.

In the two years that elapsed between his winning the title and the fight set down against Louis, Braddock had missed only one day—and that was to see that his wife and family were secure for the rest of their lives. He had avoided the performing of exhibitions and everything else in which a Champion could legally make a dollar.

By the night in 1937, when Braddock climbed into the ring to defend

his title, Braddock was, perhaps for the first time in his entire career as a fighter, a man five from the fear of defeat.

He got into the ring a Champion with only the man in the opposite corner to worry about. Full of confidence, Braddock probably knew as well as did the experts around that his chance with Louis was quite far-fetched, but in accordance with the best tradition of the ring, he went out and lost the title in the centre, where he had won it.

## SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By CLAYTON WILLIAMS



"THE WIFE'S ALREADY LATE FOR HER DINNER. ENGAGEMENT. ENDED A SERIOUS FOOD SHORTAGE WHEN FRED DISCOVERED THAT IN CHANGING HE HAD LEFT NOT ONLY THE KEY OF THE CAR, BUT THE FRONT AND BACK DOOR KEYS IN HIS OTHER SUIT."



## BEWARE OF AMATEUR HYPNOTISM

Henson started it all . . . but more than a few quacks have got into the game since those days.

**D**ON'T let an amateur experiment on you with hypnosis, lest you find yourself in a spot similar to that of Ed Henderson. When young Henderson came to my office, he stated as bluntly that he had a hard time telling his story.

"I haven't been able to talk without stammering ever since," he told me.

Henderson's case was just another tragic result of amateur hypnotism. There have been others equally serious. One girl failed to wake up on the given command. In another case an older man suffered broken bones when he was told that he was Thomas of the Ages and acted accordingly.

Hypnosis, itself, is not dangerous when employed by an experienced

psychiatrist, just as surgery is not dangerous when performed by a skilled practitioner.

Unfortunately, hypnosis has a very large place in the bag of tricks used by amateur psychologists. The stage hypnotist puts on a dramatic performance. Naturally he is assisted by amateur enthusiasts.

While much good is being done by qualified professionals, the lure, mystery and ignorance that surround hypnosis make many otherwise intelligent people offer themselves as guinea pigs for amateur experiments. If the volunteer subjects only knew some of the dangers involved, they would take great pains to make sure the hypnotist was well qualified.

There is nothing mysterious about hypnosis. It is simply a state of abnormal suggestibility. Most of us have been in such states many times without realizing that we had partially hypnotized ourselves.

Suppose, for instance, you want something very much—to smoke that you are able to think of nothing else. You go to bed at night thinking of the object of your desire; you dream about it at night; and you wake in the morning with the desire the only thought in your mind. During the day you constantly think of wags and scenes of utterance it until all other thoughts are crowded from your mind and no conflicting suggestions are permitted to enter. This intense preoccupation is an example of a mild degree of self-hypnosis.

A professional hypnotist creates conditions and suggestions that produce an even more intense state of preoccupation. When he succeeds in changing his subject's mind to all suggestions except those that he makes, he has hypnotized his subject. Any intelligent person who thinks twice about this matter will realize how

dangerous it is for him to allow anyone else to have such power over him.

There is a great deal of controversy as to whether a person can be hypnotized against his will. This is still a debatable point, with researchers offering "proof" on both sides.

Some contend that, once a person has been hypnotized, he is thereafter subject to involuntary hypnosis. Others contend that he can be hypnotized against his will only by the one who put him in the original trance. Still others scoff at the idea that a person can be hypnotized if he is opposed to it.

Nearly all agree, however, that the normal state of sleep can be changed in that of hypnosis without the sleeper's consent or knowledge.

There has been a lot of talk about whether a person under hypnosis will act contrary to his usual moral standards. I believe this question is academic. No normal person, under hypnosis or otherwise, will do anything that he knows is absolutely wrong; but common sense has showed us how often and how easily some people make wrong appear right. What is wrong in one situation may yet be wrong in another.

Therefore, it must be obvious that a hypnotist, by suggesting the occurrence of the appropriate situation, can induce a subject to do almost anything. I do not know of any cases where a hypnotist has told his subject to kill someone in self-defense, but this possibility is not absent under hypnosis.

Along this line, Dr. L. W. Rowland at Tulane University conducted two interesting experiments using reversible glass. Several hypnotized subjects were told to reach into a box where an angered rattlesnake lay coiled ready to strike. The students

tried vainly to carry out this order, which could have been fatal if they had not been protected by the glass, which they did not know was there.

In another experiment one of the subjects was told to throw a glass of sulphuric acid in Dr. Rawdon's face. The subject did so he was ordered, apparently not realising the doctor's face was protected by invisible glass.

Avoid from the danger that the hypnotist may be unsuccessful—and certainly the type of case who has access an amateur hypnotist is not likely to have a subtle personality—there is a greater danger in the amateur's ignorance.

The amateur idea to experiment with hallucinations and may force or fail to create such suggestions. Hallucination is the name given to perceptions that have no corresponding external object, unless these perceptions are recognized to be vivid dreams.

G. H. Rathbroke reports a case in which a man was convinced that a black dog was following him. No one else could see it. This individual was suspected of being mentally ill until it was discovered that a hypnotist had suggested this hallucination.

Besides the danger that the amateur may be irresponsible, or even unsuccessful, there may be an even greater danger to the subject's health. Under intense hypnotic suggestion a person may, for instance, become "blind" or "deaf." The hypnotist can suggest that he will not feel pain. This analgesia, or absence of pain, may be induced on any part of the body such as an arm or leg, while the rest of the body remains normally susceptible.

Thus as fine as the hands of experi-

enced doctors, but when amateur hypnotists attempt to relieve people of unexplained pains, they are turning all nature's warning signals. It is easy to see how an amateur with only good intentions might inhibit the feeling of pain from an inflamed appendix.

Another phase of hypnosis that the amateur operator likes to experiment with is post-hypnotic suggestion. During such suggestion the operator orders the subject to perform some specific thing at a future time, when he is in the waking state. This may be set for weeks, months or even years in advance.

Such suggestions act as compulsion. The subject will invariably carry them out, although afterward he will recognize that he has made a fool of himself.

Many troubled people, hoping for a short cut to end their troubles, turn to hypnosis. Some alcoholics, for instance, look to hypnosis for relief. Unfortunately, hypnosis fails them for the simple reason that, although the suggestion to resist their craving is intense while it lasts, it cannot be made to last long.

They would be wise to stay away from the amateur hypnotist, especially the one who through glib advertising guarantees a quick cure for all physical and mental ills. Take the case of Georgia N., whose severe hysteria had made themselves felt through the physical symptoms of functional dystonia. An amateur hypnotist "cured" Georgia of her distress for a short time, only to have her symptoms return later in the form of a crippling paralysis.

In the hands of a bungling amateur, it may be explosion. Don't be a guinea pig. Don't play with hypnosis.



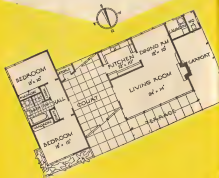
"I have a surprise for you people to-day—I'm depriving."



# A HOUSE FOR A

IDE HOME OF 19-047 (No. 73)

PREPARED BY W. NELSON SHARP, L.R.A.I.A.



# HOT-WEATHER CLIMATE



Although a very large portion of the Commonwealth of Australia lies within the Tropic and the Southern Tropic zones, little has been done to develop a suitable house for these hotter districts. Here CAVALCADE offers a suggestion for this problem.

The house is grouped about a central court which resembles the breezeway of the American Cape Cod House. Floored with concrete or tiles and with opening glass doors or gauze wire screens at the two ends, this provides an area which is always cool and breezy. At one side are grouped the two bedrooms with a central bathroom, while, on the other side, are the living room, dining room and kitchen. A car port on the western end of the house provides protection from the hot afternoon sun.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 80 feet and the floor area is 1,565 square feet.

## the "Bitch of Buchenwald"

CHARLES V. MEMO



Her specialty was mental torture; her weapons were her body; her victims shared in a Nazi prison-camp

NOT so long ago, a plump, dowdy, middle-aged woman whose only remaining claim to beauty was a mop of gorgeous red hair, sat complacently in a courtroom at Augsburg, Germany.

The charge against her was murder and sexual sadism, committed against hapless concentration-camp inmates during the war. Specifically, she was accused of assisting the murder of 42 of her own countrymen, the attempted murder of 125 more, and the

torture of countless thousands of others.

To cross-hairified Ilsa Koch, widow of the commandant of infamous Buchenwald, this was an old story. She had lived it all nearly five years before, when she was tried on similar charges before an American military tribunal.

Now she had paraded around provocatively in a halter, thigh-length skirt and riding crop — and nothing else. And when a prisoner

glared back at her, she had had that look . . .

Now with her own hands she had whipped prisoners to death, or set guard dogs on them to tear them to pieces, for her amusement . . .

How she had compelled husbands, young prisoners to satisfy her perverse sexual lust, and sent them to be exterminated when she became bored . . .

How she had prisoners stripped naked, selecting those with interesting features for experimentation so that she could convert their skins into lampshades, bookbindings and more personal articles . . .

For these crimes she had been sentenced to life imprisonment. In 1945 the U.S. Military Government obligingly commuted her sentence to four years of hard labor. And a year later, in 1946, she was released.

Now Ilsa was being tried by her own people. An accident was the of acquittal that in the beginning she paid scant attention to the procession of men with torture-battered bodies and souls, the ghosts from the concentration camp who now took the witness stand to denounce her. Day after day she sat in the courtroom, contentedly munching hot-kum, peering dreamily out at the windows.

But as the testimony piled up, as dated after dated of mounting cruelty and horror went into the record and the ugly trail of the witnesses was pieced-together to judge lawyers and spectators alike, she roused herself and began to pay close attention to the proceedings.

She slumped back in her chair, her eyes fearfully roaming the courtroom that swathed with hate. Note of the recently papered-up woman known the length and breadth of the land as "The Bitch of Buchenwald", hate of this arch-fiend of Nazism.

Only then did her composure crack, only then did she break down and weep.

When court adjourned for the week-end, and she was locked up again in the Augsburg women's jail, in the solitude of her cell her conscience began to accuse her. For a whole day and a night she paced back and forth, a host of her. Finally giving way to her pent-up emotions, she went berserk.

Scramming about, she broke furniture. Over and over again she shrieked.

"I am guilty! I am guilty! I am a monster!"

In a state of acute shock and terror, she was rushed to Augsburg Hospital and placed in a sanatorium.

When the victorious Allies marched into Germany, the hideous stench of the Nazi concentration camps at long last reached the outside world.

In 1944 thirty-one men and women were placed on trial for atrocities practiced at the Buchenwald camp. Chief among the defendants was Ilsa Koch.

The evidence against her was conclusive.

It was testified that her husband, SS Col. Karl Koch, was an early Nazi and intimate friend of Hitler. In 1937 he had been given command of Buchenwald. With him he brought his wife Ilsa, then 31, slim and beautiful.

A principal witness at the trial was Lieut. Kermit Merz, former SS investigator, prosecutor and judge. In 1943, he testified, he had been detailed to investigate charges of brutality and corruption at the camp. The result was a 58-page confidential report to high Nazi officials.

In a Lt. Merz asserting that Col. Koch had contrived epidemics.



But Franz Koch was a "moral syphilis, wholly incurable." She was a "perverted, asphyxiated, hysterical, power-mad woman." She personally had caused the death of hundreds of prisoners.

He charged her with adultery with many of the personnel, especially with the camp doctor Waldemar Hoven. Gater sentenced to death at Nuremberg.

"I discovered that Ilse Koch was the most hated person, not only in the camp, but also in the area surrounding Buchenwald. She was hated not only by the prisoners, but by other Germans, their wives and the families of all SS-men stationed there."

Another witness, Kurt Tsch, testified that he was young, blond and handsome when he arrived at the camp. The Kochs had picked him out of the lineup, forced him to satisfy her sexual desires and to submit to "all kinds of pervervances." When she tired of him, she had him sent to the extermination bunker.

Here he was subjected to various medical experiments by Ilse's lover, Dr. Hoven. Blinded, paralyzed and half-dead, he finally was gassed out of the camp by the underground, and then loved to testify against his former mistress.

Still another ex-prisoner described a typical weekend at the camp:

"The women and an Austrian priest were digging a ditch outside the main compound. Their heads were slightly above the grade level. Frau Koch commanded them to look up. When they kept on working, she brandished them with sticks. Look up!" she ordered again.

"They did. She was clad only in a halter and shorts. Nothing else. With a whip she beat them about the head until they were bloody. Then she reported them for sexually-licentious behavior with her person. More beatings by SS guards followed."

Three times stopped the testimony of Peter Zerk, former Deputy Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia, as he told the story of the mortification of body and soul at Buchenwald. He asserted:

"The Kochs lived only for murder, lust and lust."

In the midst of all this testimony, the red-haired defendant sat unmoved, unresponsive — and highly pregnant. Officials prodded themselves (appalled) as to how she accomplished this feat while in prison awaiting trial.

It is said that her lawyer co-operated, at a ease to cheat the gallows.

"There is no convincing evidence that she selected inmates for extermination in order to secure trophies (such as laughlines or other personal articles) or that she possessed any articles of human skin," a review

of the case by the U.S. Judge Advocate's office stated in 1945, recommending a conviction of Dr. Koch's sentences.

When her trial before a German court opened, State Prosecutor Hans Florschütz handed a half-dozen pages of burned human skin to the chief judge and six jurors. One page, about 18 by 24 inches in size, was adorned with pictures of bees and dragons in vivid colors.

This came from the chest of a man murdered at Buchenwald, at the request of the defendant, the prosecutor said.

Witness Joseph Anderman, 34, testified that he had worked in the disinfection department at Buchenwald for seven years. He said that hundreds of such skins were taken from the bodies of murdered prisoners, and "burned. On one occasion, he testified, Franz Koch put her collection of letters on exhibit; they filled a table 28 feet long.

As he testified, he looked directly at Ilse. She reddened, lowered her eyes and studied the floor.

Witnesses told of murdered men with bullet holes in the front of their heads, listed as "shot in the back while trying to escape."

They described the "Singing Rooster"—scores of Jewish prisoners forced to drug heavy rocks at a run and sang at the top of their lungs, for Ilse's amusement.

They told of prisoners dying from lack of shelter, while Ilse had a private riding academy back a little way from the main compound. It was lined with mirrors, a platform at one end held an SS band. While the prisoners died the band played and the noble law horse, admiring himself in the mirrors.

As they piled a mountain of

scrapes around her, the brewer, 41, middle-aged defendant realized that this time her lawyer could not save her.

These were her own people, and they knew only too well what had gone on behind the walls of the concentration camp where she had reigned as queen for six years.

When she denied any knowledge of what actually happened at Buchenwald, they laughed scornfully; when she pretended her innocence of any crime, they jeered at her.

There was only one way out; insanity.

To the hospital at Augsburg where Ilse Koch lay some two psychiatrists.

At the beginning of her interview with Dr. Rudolph Eysler, she put on an act. But when she realized that he was unimpressed, she quieted down and asked for a cigarette.

"I know I must pay for my sin, and for the death of other people," she said. "Promise me you won't send me to an insane asylum?"

He promised.

Dr. Albert Eysler found her completely normal.

The next day, reported by two policemen, she was brought into court for a continuation of her trial. As she heard the two psychiatrists attest her sanity, she clasped in her chair.

Judge Marhof ordered her removed from the court. She got as far as the door, then turned and addressed the court.

"I was only dreaming," she said. She turned and walked back to her chair, unmoved.

The time for dreaming was over. Ahead of the depressed "Bird of Buchenwald" lay the end of the road, and there stood the Dark Angel of Nuremberg, in his hand the flaming sword of Justice.



**Social Host:** Always turn up early at stoney parties, a good start is half the battle • Which reminds us that some men come home because it's the only place still open late at night • **Wetweather:** the Office Cynic is inspired to remark that landed gentry are merely married men • And that naturally leads us to a woman we know she's mad about germs, she shudders to think everything in the house, even her love for her husband is stinked • **Night-club settings:** If you wish to make a peach cocktail, buy her a drink • **Domestic Bliss Division:** There was once a man who couldn't stop himself buying crockery, he was married to a smashing blonde • The only thing wrong with some smart children is that they don't meet in the right place • A Hollywood actress is shortly to be married for the fourth time . . . the happy man, of course, is her third husband • **Science Section:** An anthropologist claims that cannibals are always very happy • . . . fond of having people for dinner, is to speak, eh? • **The-Dancer-Who-Wasn't-Tall:** A surgeon is a character who takes the blame for the family doctor's errors in diagnosis • Then, for some obscure reason, retiring managers of a New Australian who had just heard of success; he was wiled because he couldn't get a pass through the National Health Scheme • **Sports for Sports:** Our Office Quarterly recently asked an inefficient hound for a punter of betts she immediately handed him a big one • A noted stringographer complains bitterly to us that horse-riding gives her a pain in the back . . . she must ride a horse differently from most people • **Rational Notion:** A shop is called a shop because it's generally to be found on the corner of a road • **Calling Canberra:** Remind an M.H.R. "In Parliament, a reminder can say exactly what he thinks" . . . now we know why so many of them remain silent • **Juvenile Delinquent Department:** A Vice Squad is too often an effort to fill up an ocean by tossing sailors overboard • **Financial Fustian:** These days, when it comes to used cars, it's hard to drive a bargain • **Local Advertisements:** "Stop-in girls, good quality men with best classic ad sales; money-fattening front panel an outstanding feature" •

**OUR SHORT STORY:** Pity the poor male! When a man is born, people cry, "Here's his mother!"; when he's married, they gush, "What a lovely bride!"; when he dies, they moan, "How much did he leave her!"



LOVELY KATH KING HAS A MODERATE INCOME BUT PREFERS TO LIVE ON THE MARGIN OF SUCCESSFUL BUT UNCONVENTIONAL WRITERS. UNDESIRABLE SHE FINDS HER MATERIAL SHE RETURNS TO KISMET COVE TO WRITE A SERIAL. LATER AT THE BEACH ON THE CAVALCADE BOAT, THERE IS A PACK OF MANY DENTURES ONE OF THEM IS STOLEN . . .

ARRIVING AT KISMET COVE TO WRITE HER KISMET STORY, KATH KING HAD SOME TROUBLE IN FINDING CLOVES . . .



AND DECIDING SHE HAD BETTER RETURN HOME, SHE WATCHES ON HER OWN BOAT BEFORE THE RETURN STRIDES AWAY . . .



HAVING MADE THE CRUISE  
BUS, KATH FIGURED THE  
WHITE-CAPPED SWELL OF  
THE SEA



AND THERE'S A LAUNCH  
IN TROUBLE. KATH COVE  
HAD TUNNY HOUND  
MAKERS WHO DON'T  
UNDERSTAND WEATHER -  
OR SHIP



RIGHT NOW KATH FIGURED  
A CHANCE OF SAVING  
THE LAUNCH. LATER THE  
SURFING SEA WILL MAKE  
THIS IMPOSSIBLE



LAYING DOWN THE HELM  
WITH THE WAVE A LINE  
TO THE DISTRESSED  
LAUNCH A MAN  
CATCHES IT



KATH CALLED FOR A CREW,  
AND SHIP RESPONSE



SHE IMMEDIATELY  
DESIGNED HER NEW CREW  
TO TAKE THE WRECK  
WHILE SHE ARRANGES  
THE TOW



AS THE LAUNCH DROVE  
KATH GOT OVERHEATED.  
SHE'S HAD IT HAPPEN  
BEFORE, BUT



THIS TIME SHE FINDS  
HERSELF IN A PINCH  
BETWEEN THE DEEPSEA  
AND THE DEVIL



"WE HAD ENGINE TROUBLE  
BUT WE DON'T WANT  
RESCUE. WE WANT  
A CRAFT WE CAN  
USE LIKE THIS



THIS IS WUTHEY OR  
PILGRIM OR BOTH. BUT  
KATH IS A PERSON  
IN A CELL SHE KNOWS



IF HE GOES TO GET OUT  
OF THE WET CLOTHING



THROUGH THE PORTHOLE  
KATH SAW THE STRANGER  
HE GRABBED A COIN  
FROM THE OPEN DOOR, WITH  
KATH READ AHEAD.....



FROM THE PORTHOLE ON THE  
DECK THE GIRL SAW THE  
THE STRANGER WAS MOVING...



WHILE SHE FINISHED HER  
SMOKE, KATH THOUGHT  
THINGS OUT. SHE KNEW  
NOW SHE COULD TAKE CON-  
TROL OF HER CRUISE --  
-- BUT WHEN ?

EVERY GIRL KNOWS THERE  
IS IMPORTANT...



THE CRUISE HAD  
BEEN AT LONG HEAD, A  
DISTANT STAR. SOME  
WAS A STING THE COAST  
FROM KENNY COVE...



THROUGH THE PORTHOLE  
KATH WAS ABLE TO SEE  
THAT IN THE DISTANT  
WATER BEHIND THE  
A STRANGER WAS  
BROUGHT ABOARD...



THE STRANGER CAME  
LAUGHING TO KATH AND  
KATH'S CRUISE HEADS  
OUT TO SEA. KATH...



A GIRL WHO OWNS A  
BOAT HAS TO BE USEFUL



LISTENING TO THE CAP-  
TAIN'S VOICE, KATH  
SAID TO HERSELF  
SHE... ..



WHEN THE BOAT  
CAME TO THE  
THE CRUISE WAS  
BE LOST CASE...



UNDER THE STEER-  
BOARD, KATH WAS  
ABLE TO SEE THE  
CRUISE WAS  
FROM UNDER HER...



... BUT UP IN THE COUNTRY THE  
COUNTRYMEN—THEY ALL WERE  
THEY WERE ALL COUNTRYMEN.  
THEY WERE ALL COUNTRYMEN.



ALL IT IS ABOUT IS THE FACT THAT  
THEY WERE IN A "HOT" CALL  
CENTER. THEY WERE NOT  
WILLING TO LET ANYONE  
KNOW THE FACTS OF THE  
CASE.



THE THREE OF US WERE TO  
CALL. WE WERE MEANT TO MEET.



1. **THE COMPANY**  
 2. **THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS**  
 3. **THE OFFICERS**  
 4. **THE STOCKHOLDERS**  
 5. **THE DEBENTUREHOLDERS**  
 6. **THE CREDITORS**  
 7. **THE EMPLOYEES**  
 8. **THE SUPPLIERS**  
 9. **THE CUSTOMERS**  
 10. **THE COMMUNITY**  
 11. **THE ENVIRONMENT**  
 12. **THE GOVERNMENT**  
 13. **THE MEDIA**  
 14. **THE FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS**  
 15. **THE LABOR UNIONS**  
 16. **THE REGULATORY AGENCIES**  
 17. **THE COMPETITORS**  
 18. **THE Vendors**  
 19. **THE DISTRIBUTORS**  
 20. **THE RETAILERS**  
 21. **THE WHOLESALE**  
 22. **THE MANUFACTURERS**  
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 221. **THE WHOLESALE**



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THE NEW ORLEANS TO  
BREAK INTO THE CASH-  
MATH. IN CONCLUSION.



THESE ARE THE ONLY TWO THINGS  
THAT ARE TRUE. THE OTHERS ARE  
ALL LIES.

[illegible]

-- THE COMPANY WILL  
STILL HAVE AND  
PLANNING TO DO OTHER



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POWERS CLOSE IN CLOUTY, BLINDS THE CHIEFS, AND AFTER A BUREAU FIGHT OVERPOWER THE CHIEFS—THEY WERE



KATH HENKE THE POLICE EXPLAIN THAT THE CHIEF HAD BEEN ALERTED TO WATCH FOR A PLAN TO THUGS, AND THAT THE THUGS WERE THE CHIEFS



THE MAN IN CHIEFS IS THE CHIEF OF THE CHIEFS, AND CAPTIVE IS WANTED TO THE CHIEFS, AND THAT THE CHIEFS WERE



"I HOPE WE'LL GET BETTER ACCQUAINTED," T. TELLS, TELLS WITH "THE NEEDS"



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# WINNER TAKE ALL!

WHEN YOU'VE MADE A KILL AT  
SAGANAT AND YOUR FRIENDS  
RUN OUT ON YOU . . . WHAT?

CEDRIC E. MENTIFLAY • FICTION

PINKY HALLAM licked dry lips and walked on quickly. It was dark in the narrow street—dark with a sinister broken blackness when a man wanted light and crowds and laughter. He wondered whether he could have put a taxi from the garage, whether he was a fool to have decided against it. He was new to the city, but the chance was that any long-established local school would provide protection. A high-paying job was always had for trade.

Pinky was a slim little fellow with a pale freckled face and red hair. An outcropping of it on his upper lip shone in the meagre light

like pale flames. He was also a sharp dresser for a change, for part of his recently-shaven gravity had gone on the smooth white lagoon, hat and pearl-grey gabardine outfit which looked so out of place in this broken-down suburb.

It wasn't a good idea, that suit, he decided. For one thing, it gave him the appearance of a stomp in wall-skis, while making him feel the opposite. The rest of his gravity had been earmarked for a little venture with Bob Skramson, one of the old gang, who had plotted the location of some first-class trachas back off the northern coast. Now he

had been fool enough to have been smooth-tongued into a raid on the basketball school he couldn't readily explain right now.

That should have been the end of his money—maybe it would still work out that way. But the game 1944 have been straight. He rode a beam of luck from the outset, and under those circumstances it wasn't Pinky's habit to limit the risk. When at last the run changed, Pinky headed out, dropping the sweat from his face with his new silk handkerchief.

Now he looked behind him into the darkness. So the game was straight—but that didn't necessarily

go for all the players. There was that slick attorney, Vance Barn, and his confederate Boris Moros, who had introduced him to the setup in the first place. Where were they now? Why had they ducked out when he was cashing his chips? Why should a man's friends desert him when he was on the winning end? It didn't make sense—except one way.

It was a way that Pinky didn't like . . . not at all . . . it added up to things he didn't care to think of . . . but he knew that these things happened.

Pinky soon felt his tongue flicking over his lips. The screws of his



The sparkling edge of glass was on his throat.

rock seemed to lighten like words. He dragged in a handful of the night air and exhaled heavily.

The dark shadows seemed to move and creep . . . imagination . . . bloody imagination . . . but he had to prevent himself from brushing his eyes.

He brushed the front of his coat. The wind of notes spoiled the fit of it—and every note was the red-leaves colour of heavy money. Something else was there, a stiff envelope. He pulled it out. It was his reply to Bob Simpson, checking the deal. He had not said earlier that day to post it—and here it was, not even stamped or sealed.

As he walked, his ears turned for footprints behind him, a vehicle coming into the street ahead. He passed, then turned gently as he saw it was a Post Office van. It was slowing now, pulling in towards where its headlights showed a red box by the kerb. He looked down at the letter in his hand. A good thing. One worry off his mind, anyway, and maybe they could get him out of here, back to a main street—

He moved down the road, losing a little of his tension as he saw the goal ahead. It would be a new thing. The two men on the truck were doing a quick job, clearing out the few letters in the box. He was still fifty yards away when he heard the back click to. The truck motor rumbled. He looked the envelope flap as he ran, feeling it with bony fingers.

"Hey! Hang on!" he yelled. The truck slowed so that he came alongside. "What is it, mate?" one of the men asked.

"A letter, mate!" The man reached out and took it. "You eat it first, eh? She'll be right!" He was about done now. "Hang on! Can you give me a lift? Free—"

The truck speeded up. "Sorry, Dag. Regulations say no passengers. We'd be out on our ear, see? Too many passengers to take a chance. Sorry."

Finky stopped dead in the roadway as the truck hit top gear. The taillight blinked and flickered as the vehicle dipped and swung out of sight. The road was dark and empty again. Empty—

The footstep! He heard them plainly for a moment, the quick pace of a running man. Then, quite suddenly, they checked. Away off behind him movement danced in a thin shaft of moonlight. Then all was still again.

Finky walked on. It was true, then—he was being shadowed by at least one man. His spirit had started his partner into breaking cover, but now he was back again, a skilled performer, shuffling in the shadows. Finky wondered why he hadn't already been jumped. This seemed as good a place as any. It occurred to him that it was the only way back from the school, that perhaps it was too close. When the news of the robbery, murder, whatever it would be, came out as the morning, the basement crowd would have a tale like as to who had done the job. But Joe Simpson wouldn't like it.

Finky had a swift picture of Big Joe as he saw him just half an hour ago, handing over the roll of tenones, Joe was broad, and broad despite his fair skin, and his grin wasn't too forced as he said: "See young fellow? We run it straight, 'cos it doesn't pay off any other way. We'll give it back to yer, see if we don't! The sucker always come back. Take care o' yourself!"

He came to a cross street now, and there were a few more lights. Shop windows glowed markedly. He

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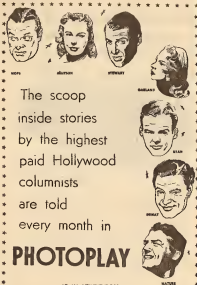


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AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

turned left. On the other side of the street two figures emerged from a doorway and were gone into the darkness. Something about the shoulders of one of them reminded Pinky of Vance Ross. He peered, watching under his lowered brows as he carefully lit a cigarette. Presently a man emerged from the road up which he had come. The man hesitated on the corner, and was jammed almost immediately by another. They were not as careful as they had been. The trap was set.

Pinky felt like a man crossing a deep river on the flimsiest log. He was in a vacuum, with trouble right and left. All he had was time, and not much of that. Delay, that was the thing! Almost as soon as he saw the dim sign of the coffee-shop he was moving towards it.

It was a gloomy little place, lit by two barroom lamps. Pinky slipped himself into one of the pink plywood booths, wondering how long they would take to find him. The proprietor, a squat, blue-jawed man who might have been a Greek, appeared on silent feet and made passes at the pinned table-top with a grubby cloth. Pinky ordered pie and coffee. He kept his eyes on a fly-blown mirror at the back of the shop which reflected the doorway.

It seemed a long time before they came. The coffee was before him and he was forcing himself to drink it when the two shadows loomed in the opening. He kept huddled forward, hoping. The steps came up to him quite slowly, pausing by his side and then moving on. Two men slid into the seat opposite him — Vance Ross and Bob Morris.

"Is a hurry, Pinky?" Vance's voice was soft, but his eyes had in them a curious intensity which Pinky had noticed earlier that night.

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Pinky hit his small nose with "Not—no, exactly," he murmured "Mashed was coffee."

"Let's Have A Pucko!"

Fredy gulped. "I—I don't quite get you, Vanya. I—I thought you better."

"Sure we left. We're on the other side of town, see? We've two other ones. C'm on, now—now!"

Finky kept looking at Vince, noting details which had escaped him before. Hard-set mouth, pencil-line mustache, slim fingers with a sustained shine, dominance on the table. A steady operator, Vince—or a calculated cage of one. He'd have a gun, but he'd be too young to have ever handled arms legally. Maybe the toughness in his face was a mask. Maybe. But he was watching him a close-minded dead.

"The more, the better," says the sign.

"Over!" The left hand stopped at his face. The right had scarcely moved, but the cold ring of a pistol-muzzle now pointed over the edge of the table.

Pinky forced himself to look away from it, to watch the open. There were too hot and full of life to be what they seemed. Harvorn, perhaps—trance—hence—

"All right, Vince," he said mildly. "No need to get sore. It's in the pocket. You know, I haven't got a gun."

He lowered his coffee-cup slowly, as if afraid of the automatic hand so steadily upon him. The right hand reached up for his empty breast-pocket. At the same time his thin figure seemed to wobble and slide down in the seat. Vance's lip curled in contempt. It was no easy, by side's really need the man. Like taking medicine—

Then the pink plywood table exploded upwards. Driven by two long knives, it tilted and crashed into the

front of the gangster. Vince's pistol hand went up with it, until a thin-freckled hand looked steady about he went. In a moment he was flying through space, to bring up with pained, young suddenness against the partition.

Pinky had lost his hat. His way of hearing was like a tough as he went in to the attack, and his thin lips were stretched back in a fighting grin. Nothing rabbit-like about him now, now a clean fighting frown on a man, going in for the kill, glowering in the action that was before about him.

Wine struggled out of the wreckage of the partition, and screaming for his automobile. A soft foot flaked it away from him. Heavy fists landed on his exposed face, splitting his lips, putting a gash above his right eye. He screamed for Rein to get into it, for the others—

"Never carry a gun unless you can use it," Pinky was murmuring as he fought. "Tats are better, no doubt."

He turned as Hein came on. His hand twitched amongst the weeds, and his eyes caught the glimmer of steel in the big man's fist. Then he was driving to meet the gangster halfway. He had held of a wine-bottle by the neck, and he pointed only to tip it so that the bottom came off more or less cleanly.

Bats roared over him, swinging ponderously — and then Bats was backing into a corner, stark terror in his eyes. His right arm was bare to the elbow and bleeding from a long gash. The sparkling edge of the disc was at his throat.

Fusky held it for a moment, grinsing malevolently. Then, he tossed the bottle into a corner.

"Well, you asked for it," he answered. "Better just say hello, quietly until I'm up the road a bit."



Only the eldest son could marry

The Nambutin Brahmins of Malabar practiced the strange custom of "Hemogamy."

All remained from highly centralised countries down to the most decentralised. Top rules governing the way many nations which are much less free flexible, being governed solely by a central system to a greater or lesser degree of centralisation. The more permissive the rules the more complicated the rules of countries often become.

The shogun, and, at first sight, the most visible system is *senjogun*, which has nothing to do with Jews. This custom permits one, and only one, member of a family to marry. It is, alternatively, one member may be forced to marry under certain conditions, as was noted in the effect.

For instance, the Moslems' Enthusiasm at Mohammed's death that only the oldest sons were permitted, has been a more serious factor to you, he is free of his duty to his parents, because of this the oldest son alone is worthy to receive his father's estate and therefore he alone would be entitled to marry. For the first-born son is regarded as the fulfillment of divine law and his succeeding sons are merely the offspring of desire.

The son, an extremely handsome, 30-year-old, is known to have a wife and two children. He, in turn, can still feel "better" for himself to his son. His wife recently gave the son a beautiful, modern, all-around, the son

negative ions often have several waves incidentally, should an object ion go without scattering a more striking, the "dancer" reverted to the former, who then conveniently transferred them on to the shoulders of the second dancer . . . one is on!"

[illegible]

1111

He turned as the proprietor came peeling out of his hiding place. Two more men were coming through the door—older men, with their hands in their pockets.

Pinky brushed past the Greek, his hands held wide. These fellows weren't kids. It looked as if he was playing the junior team.

"Haven't I met you blokes before?" he asked. "D'you like card games—baccarat, for instance?"

One of the newcomers had a long scar across his cheek. He looked at his broken nose companion. "Knowing little deck, isn't he?"

"Don't tell me you're with Vince and Rust?" asked Pinky. "What's the idea of sending the kids in first?"

Scarface turned. Both his fists were in the open now. That meant no drugs—

Pinky hit him in a long drive, a shoulder to the groin. As Scarface staggered, he went between them like an oil. Four steps, and he was in the street again, wondering why he didn't have a bullet in the back by now. The street was deserted. Strange. There'd been enough racket to bring a crowd around in any ordinary neighborhood.

Then he was sprinting for his life down the street. In the distance there were lights, and traffic flanked by an iron highway. Hurrying footsteps sounded behind him, well back. There were no shots—yet.

He risked a look behind. Two men were after him, one with a lamp. That would be Scarface. A car turned out of a side street and came past them at a fair pace. It was a taxi. He swung into the road and waved it down. It coasted up alongside and for a moment he was blinded by the headlights. Then a door opened and he pined in, gasping.

"Thanks, whoever you are," he

granted, sinking into the seat. "I—"

"You've had quite a night, young fellow. Made the best of it, too?"

Big Joe Simpson was grinning at him from a distance of three feet. His fat face was like a parrot, and he chuckled like a jolly. The driver was laughing too as he pulled in towards the kerb. Pinky tossed himself for another bid. He threw the door open, and found himself looking straight into the faces of Scarface and Broken-Nose.

"Gently, lad!" rumbled Big Joe. "We're all friends together. What's the score, boys?"

Scarface looked disinterestedly at Pinky before he replied. "We talked 'em, as you said, Boss. Thought these punks would try something. We dealt two of them before they got to the coffee shop. Then we headed 'em—to find 'd' done the other two. Then 's took to us the unsightly job."

Pinky felt suddenly deflated. "Then—you were on my side?" he murmured.

"As I told yer, lad," Big Joe said. "It's a straight game, an' robbery's had dar trade. We'll get it back of yer, right enough—over the table."

Pinky sighed. "No show of that! I'm heading north with a scabber Trooper. The run goes in the bank."

"Good for you, Din," Joe rumbled. "I was in France myself, the first time. Put some into this business. Doing all right. But I'll tell you what—I'll keep it safe for you until the bank opens. What say?"

Pinky flushed with embarrassment. "As a matter of fact, I can't. I buried it into an unstrapped letter addressed to Bob Simpson and gave it to the Post Office bloker. Even he can't get it until he looks out for the penny stamps. It's gone as registered."



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TYPE C-80 ON ROAD — "It's In the Machine"



BILL MORGAN • FICTION

Here an assembly belt isn't efficient enough to make murder run with a perfect smoothness.

## CRIME SLIPS A COG

EARL FARNON stared miserably at the assembly belt that crawled lazily like a fat snake along the top of his bench. In another minute he'd have to reach out his hands and insert little chromium valves in each of the knacker riding the back of that snake. A simple task but a distraction, it would slow his mind from

the question of how best to face his showdown with Ben Kelsey.

Time was important now. Kelsey was no fool. He wouldn't take him long, once he started working at the plant again, to discover what had been going on for a year and a half. Then the fireworks would start: those returned soldiers were tough customers when it came to the subject of their wives.

A pattern of seven beads glimmered on Farnon's upper lip as he thought

about it. It wasn't enough that he and Helen Kelsey had been running together for better than a year now, recklessly and in the open. There was the money Ben had been sending back from the Pacific, to be banked, at a post-war nest egg. There were the bonds Helen had cooked up.

She had shared the cost of the good times they'd had together. Now the future was here. Ben had been home for three frustrating days.

The moving assembly belt caught Farnon's attention.

He scooped valves from the bin and started moving them in. He didn't stop when he'd caught up with himself, but left his chair and worked backward along the moving belt until a dozen turbines were solved in advance. That would give him another breathing spell, more time to think about the menace of Ben Kelsey.

He returned to his chair and glanced at the clock above the bench. It was 1:10. He saw the motion over his head, but not in time to move. The third scattered colored lights through his heady night sleep.

When Earl Farnon finally opened pain-battered eyes, he had a bad score. The face that loomed above him, slowly blurring and dissolving, suddenly came into focus. Now it was Ben Kelsey. Farnon twisted against the floor, tried to scream.

Hands clamped at him, more hands than could belong to Kelsey or any other one man. A voice said, "Take it easy, lad." The smell of whisky was suddenly raw in his nostrils. He felt the stuff burning his mouth, dribbling on his chin.

"Don't let him get red!" he tried to scream, but with his mouth full of liquor he only produced a choked purple that nobody understood. A minute later he was glad of that,

because his ideas were beginning to slough out. Kelsey hadn't done anything to him; his broad face showed too much sympathetic concern.

The pink face of the company doctor came into view. "You're had a nasty whack, boy, but you're going to be all right. No cause for worry. You've got a good thick skull."

A little later the doctor left. Whitney Dunn, the foreman, sent the other men back to their jobs. Only Ben Kelsey and the foreman remained in the room with Farnon.

"It was the drill press," Dunn was explaining. "We should have pulled it out of here when we tore down the last job, before we started on these supercharger parts. It's a freak anyway, with that engine coated over. What happened, the belt came loose that was holding the arm up out of the way. The motion must've done it. The thing caught you square across the head."

Ben Kelsey smiled wryly at Farnon. "Lucky thing I wasn't supposed to start work today. You got good solid bone there to take the wallop. But me, with a shrapnel probe in my skull—"

Farnon felt the odd twist in his stomach then. He stared with strange intensity at the returned soldier. "When you starting, Ben?"

The uniformed ghost policeman came in, interrupting the talk. He handed a sheet of ruled paper to Whitney Dunn. "Quinn has covered it, Whitney, except for the time the thing happened."

"Toss," Dunn said, and took a pencil and jotted it down.

Farnon started to correct him. He caught himself in time and asked a question instead. "How come you know it happened at 1:10?"

"Easy. We know the speed of the

Just a thought: There is enough water in Greenland's glaciers and ice-caps to raise the ocean levels of the Mediterranean sufficiently to flood all low-lying cities. These include London, New York and Amsterdam. In the event of a sudden speed-up in the rate of "melting," inhabitants of these human hives would have to build defenses against the onrush of the sea or evacuate to higher ground. Science fictionists, please make a suitable note!

assembly hall. We know it takes a unit on that belt exactly ten minutes to leave the place where you're sitting, move through the vent in the wall, and get to the next man on the line. It was 1:45 when the first unit got to him without a value in it. So you must have been layed exactly an minute before. Follow me?"

Fennan clamped his mouth shut, remembering how the clock had read at 1:30 just before he'd passed out. Daves had rained by five full minutes, because he had no way of knowing that a dozen turns had been rolled in advance. Five minutes plus time to be somewhere else and have an airtight side rigged up.

The blood was surging through his condense when, a few minutes later, at 4:30 p.m., he quit as usual and hurried away from Building Six. He headed for Schmitt's place, a block down from the plant, thinking of Edson Kelsoy and how easily now he could have her for himself, for

keeps. How easily he could avoid that unpleasant showdown with his husband.

At Schmitt's he had two quick shots of eye to quench the foolish peters twinkling within him. The idea of murder was something he'd never contemplated before.

Only it wouldn't be murder, he told himself. Not by any means. Murder was something you associated with tabloid newspapers, with finger-pointed guns, and with police the police could trace by entering. This was something else again, an accident, pure and simple.

The next day, Wednesday, Ben Kelsoy started on the night shift. He came in to relieve Fennan at eight o'clock. Men from other parts of the building started dropping in almost immediately to say hello and wish him luck on the job, so Fennan did a quick do-over. The well-wishers would compensate them. Tomorrow night or the one following would be soon enough.

Thursday morning at eleven, Fennan was awoken loose of any idea to postpone the thing further. He was at Schmitt's having breakfast and getting his lunch box made up, when Edson Kelsoy came in. His yellow hair was uncombed and her lipstick was on crooked, as though she'd applied it in a hurry.

"Let's sit in a booth," she whispered.

Fennan left the counter, following. He guided her to the furthest booth in the corner. "What's up, baby?"

"I'm scared, Earl. He came home this morning and woke me up to ask about the war bonds and the savings account. It was still early, because he doesn't get home till almost five, and—"

Fennan didn't like the drift of things. "You what?"

# Pelmanism

*Scientific Training of Mind, Memory and Personality*



## New Ways and Livelier Interests

The function of Pelmanism is, by increasing the efficiency of the individual,

to shorten the time taken over necessary and useful work;

to eliminate those no longer useful but consumed by force of habit, to find new and more efficient ways of doing things;

to intensely and intensely and to direct those which develop time and energy without reducing life or personality;

to develop the power of thought and judgment so that the "divine" energy which finds great, is controlled and directed into productive channels.

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### Personality Expanded

Victoria, 20th Jan. 1951

I am fast my personality expanding and increasing day by day. It has always been my wish to be successful without stress. And I have now achieved that. I am happy, relaxed and the people recognize that the course is so good, Liberty Australia.

### Conscientious Improved

NSW, 19th Jan.

New Zealand, 19th Jan. 1951  
I am constantly expanding my consciousness. I have proved to my mind that I am successful in my work. My attitude is changing. I am more confident. Thank you for your assistance.—SHEILA, 19th, 19th, 19th, 19th.

### New Energy

Victoria, 18th Jan. 1951

My memory has improved. I am happy to learn about the course. I have been very successful in my work. I have found the course most helpful and a source of new energy.—WILLIAM, 19th, 19th, 19th.

### Wonderful Outlook

Queensland, 19th Jan. 1951

I had that Pelmanism in my everyday life has brought me the most wonderful results. I am now a confident person.—JILL, 19th, 19th, 19th.

### New Zealand Testimony

The Pelman Institute, with the approval of the House of Representatives, has made arrangements to send the following representatives and people members of New Zealand to attend the Pelman Course at Sydney during 1951. Write to the Pelman Institute, Melbourne.

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**The Waged Life:** Deciding that she'd rather not have anything to do with meat or other solid food, Miss Yukio Furumori, of Tokyo, has lived for 10 years on a diet of soy-bean and coffee. Unflinching Lawrence Johnson, of Chester, Pennsylvania, accepting a dare, promptly swallowed a live 1½ lb. hard-shelled crab. Whereupon, Fikar Sandra Dm. of India, absorbed a fatal of iron oxide washed down by sulphuric acid.

"I tried to put him off, and I was too sleepy. He wouldn't have it. Said he'd been talking to somebody at the plant about wires who weren't saving the money sent back from overseas. How they were spending it, and running around with other men."

"So?"

"So he made me go get the box I used to keep the bands in, and the penbook for the savings account. It—it was awful, Earl. The way he didn't say anything for a long time afterward, the way he just went to the big chair by the window and sat smoking one cigarette after another while it was getting light outside."

There was an uncomfortable tightness in Furumori's chest. "He didn't mention my name?"

"Not exactly, but I think he's got an idea. I went back to bed, but I couldn't sleep except for a few minutes at a time. Once when I opened my eyes he was standing over me.

He asked if I'd been running around with one of the boys at the plant. I said no, and he told me not to lie. He said he'd find out sooner or later if it was true."

Allegedly, Furumori swung from the booth, feeling odd inside. Kelsey was cutting on too fast. "Gotta be getting to work," he said thickly. "See you later."

He dozed just his room for the pair of workie gloves he'd brought last winter. At the plant, in a salvaged box behind the locker room, he found a six inch length of lead pipe. He put it in his lunch box. Then he checked in at Building Six to sweat out the longest day of his life.

Ben Kelsey relieved him promptly at 4:30, for which he was grateful. He left in a hurry, purposely forgetting the lunch box. Outside, the desperate blue haze of dust was settling over the factory grounds. He went to the outer gate and chatted a while with the plant policeman there, until he saw Whitley Dunn making his final round of the building. This was the moment he'd been waiting for.

"Hey, Whitley?" he called, and ran back to meet him in front of Building Six. "How's about a beer?"

Dunn looked at him quizzically. "Little late for you to be around, isn't it, Fawcett?"

"Yeah. Started home and then had to come back. Forgot my lunch box. What time is it, anyway?"

Whitley Dunn pulled out his watch and looked down his nose at it. "Eight fifteen. Time I was getting out of here myself."

"Wait a minute for me," Fawcett said. "I'll buy you a beer."

"Just one," the foreman said. "But you'll have to hurry."

Fawcett didn't need to be told to hurry. His heart was thumping as

# Digest of DIGESTS



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he entered the narrow room and heard the door close behind him. "Forget something," he explained to Kelsey. "Mind to come back."

Kelsey nodded over his shoulder, intent on his work. Fannan put on a pair of pigskin gloves he'd bought. "Now, I tried a new way of doing that today. It works fine. Let me show you."

Before the other could answer, Fannan had scooped a handful of walrus from the bin and was scattering them into the turret, walking back along the bulk at top speed. When he'd finished twelve of them he stooped under the bench and took the length of pipe from the lunch box.

Kelsey never had a chance to realize what was happening. A struggled cry died on his lips. He staggered.

Fannan replaced the pipe in the lunch box. Quickly, he loosened the bolt that held the arm of the drill press in place. He let it fall, then moved Kelsey so his head was nothing against it. He stuffed the gloves in his pocket, peered up the hatch box, and went out to meet Whirly Dams.

The Naval Observatory clock at

Schultz's told 1:10 when they got there. Dunn performed his usual ritual of checking his watch by it, which saved Fannan the trouble of calling the time to his attention. Fannan was in the clear now. At the precise moment, the last of the walrus turret was snatching past Kelsey's steel body. The police could scrape for those all they wanted to, but they'd have to conclude Kelsey had been alive until 1:10.

It was eleven minutes later that the alarm bell started clanging down at the plant. Whirly Dams shoved away from the bar and headed out the door on the run. Fannan sprinted after him and, at the first clump of bushes he passed, discarded the lunch box.

Inside the grounds, he made the appropriate appearance of shock while a plant policeman was denouncing the accident to Dunn. A wave of confusion swept over him when he heard the tone of the tragedy being settled at 1:10.

Whirly Dams turned a grief-stricken face to him. "It was my fault, Earl! If I'd had that drill press moved out—"

"Accidents will happen—" Fannan told him, self-righteously.

Dunn had turned away, and was running unthinkingly across the grounds.

Yanks were being moved now, somewhere around Building Six. Fannan moved toward it. Whirly Dams came out to meet him, flanked by two plant policemen. Dunn's eyes were blazing with controlled fury. His voice was harsh. "There's your man!"

Fannan's jaw sagged. "Now wait a minute, Whirly!"

Powerful hands dug into his shoulders. Dunn was talking again, biting the words off short. "You're under arrest for the murder of Ben Kelsey. You had a motive. You'd been fussing with his wife—"

"You're crazy, Dunn! You said yourself that it happened at 1:10. And we were having beer down at Schultz's at that very moment. It won't work, Whirly—"

"It looked like 1:10 was the right time at first," Dunn growled, "because the first walrus turret came through at 1:10, ten minutes later. That was undoubtedly the way you planned it, Fannan, only there was one difference between your accident and Kelsey's that you overlooked."

"I—I don't know what you're talking about!"

"Your head was normal and solid, so you only got a lump. Kelsey's head had been crumpled by shrapnel, crumpled in fighting so a rat like you could live in a free country. He'd died before. He died when you stopped him, Fannan. The blood in what's going to put the noose around your neck. Because it started dripping on the assembly belt the minute you hit him. It flew the line of his death at 1:10."

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# Talking Points

## THE SILENT TERROR . . .

According to top-ranking U.S. specialists, new weapons are out-muscling the A-Bomb and providing a deadlier menace for mankind. In his article, "New Terrors For Total War," Mark Hops outlines some of the details that have punctuated the arena of hush-hush secrecy. All facts in the article have been drawn from authoritative sources and have been double-checked.

## GO TO SLEEP . . .

Hypnotism is a fascinating study and has provided the background for some spectacular medical tests . . . as well as some wondrously weird acts. But all hypnotists are not what they seem to be and some angle-between anatomy can prove a real nuisance. For some of the traps which these enthusiasts provide for the unwary, read Dr. David Paul's "Revelance of American Hypnotists." Dr. Paul is a practicing neuropsychiatrist in Beverly Hills, California (U.S.) He is also the author of the books, "Release From Nervous Tension" and "Be Your Real Self."

## SWOONER'S SECTION . . .

When the friends at your desk don't join over her. Read Janet Miller's "What Makes You Fuzz?" and realize that not only females, but humans, as well, are apt to react . . . and when they do, it's often as laughing matter. So deep that put

of no-water and learn what you really should do. You'll find the advice valuable.

## MEET KATH KING . . .

This month CAVALLADE is proud to present you to Kath King . . . a winsome woman of many parts (as you will be able to see for yourself). You'll find that Kath has more than ordinary women's slinky for running into trouble . . . and it also goes better than most in coping with it when it arrives. You'll be hearing more of her in the future, so make her acquaintance now. Kath, by the way, has a distinguished ancestry. As a matter of fact, she's the granddaughter of Sydney Greenstreet, who will need an introduction to readers of red-blooded "who-dunnits." The artist who aids and abets Greenstreet is Phil Dellen.

## FACTORY LINE . . .

Fiduciaries . . . and especially the companies of who (or how) "dun-its" have arranged their systems in many ingenious and parallel manners and many of these leaders have been, in my the least words. This month, however, CAVALLADE presents readers in the best-known surroundings of a mass-production factory. To say that the method was ingenious would be an understatement . . . which only goes to prove that no place or work is exactly what you'd expect it to be.

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